

*The*  
**MOTOR  
OWNER**



*July 1922*

*One Shilling*





## *K.L.G. Sparking Plugs*

"G" TYPES

6/-

EACH

In addition to the qualities which have secured the unique achievements of all "K.L.G." plugs the "G" series (as illustrated above) incorporates new features of practical value to the motor-owner both from the point of view of efficiency and economy.

REPLACEMENT  
CENTRE

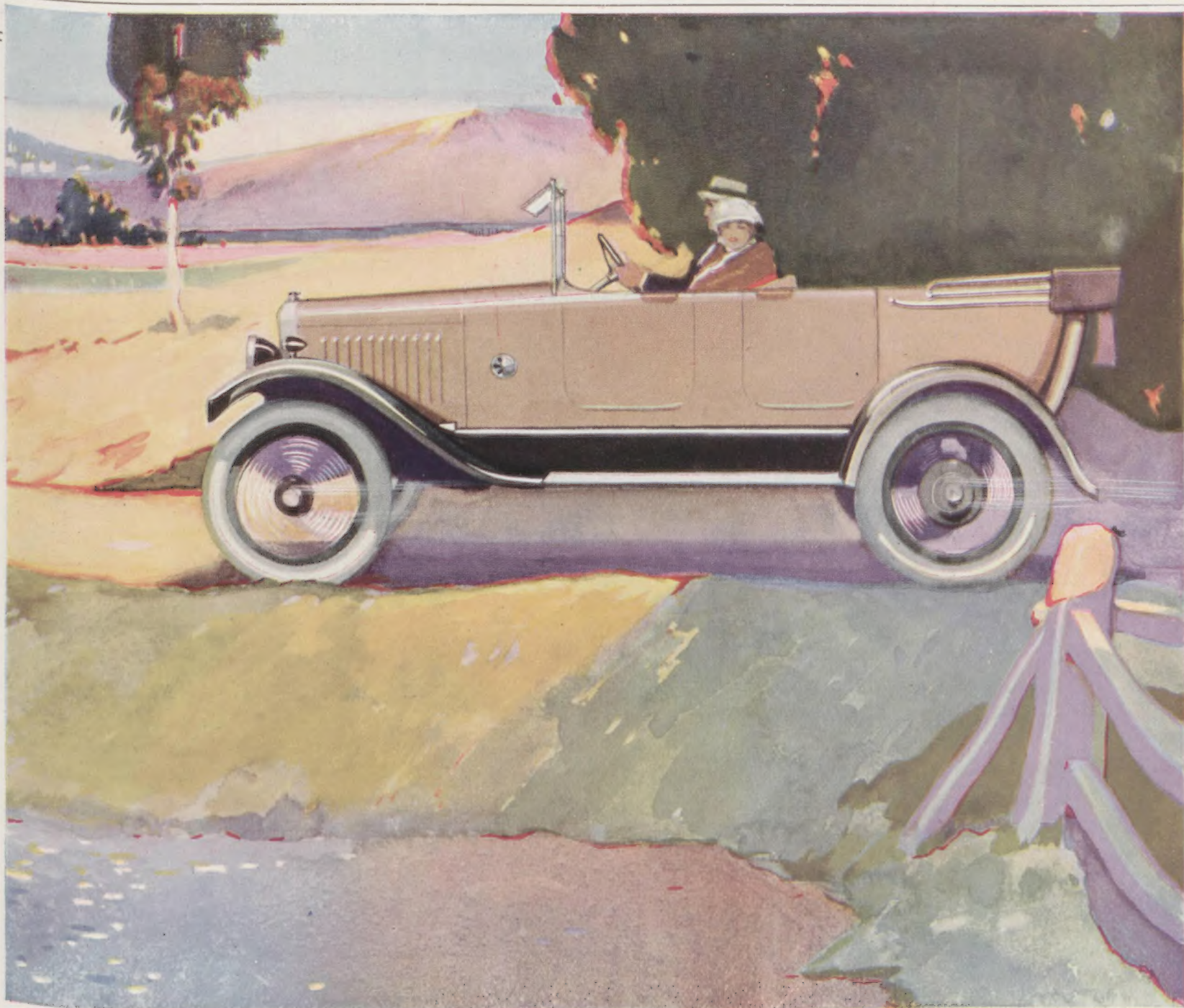
3/-

**THE ROBINHOOD ENGINEERING WORKS LTD.**

PUTNEY VALE LONDON S.W.15

Sole Export Agents: S. Smith & Sons (M.A.), Ltd., Central Works, Cricklewood





OVERLAND BRITISH-BUILT MODEL  
ALL-WEATHER TOURING CAR  
**395 Gns.**

OVERLAND STANDARD MODEL  
TOURING CAR  
**£295**

(Deferred Payments can be arranged.)

**Owner's Report:**

30 miles to the gallon of petrol.  
1,000 miles to the gallon of oil.  
8,000 to 10,000 miles per set of tyres.

**1922 OVERLAND MODELS**

|   | GNS. |
|---|------|
| British Model Touring Car ... ..          | 395  |
| British Model 2-seater with double dickey | 380  |
| Three-quarter Landaulette ... ..          | £595 |
| Standard Model Touring Car ... ..         | £295 |
| Sedan ... ..                              | £535 |

All prices ex works.

**There are over 20,000 Overlands running on British Roads to-day.**

**Why?**

- Is it because of the low first cost of the car?
- Is it because of its phenomenally low running-cost?
- Is it because of its wonderful top-gear performance?
- Is it because of its ease and simplicity of handling, either in traffic or on tortuous hilly country roads?
- Is it because, out of over 20,000 on British roads, you never see an Overland "stuck"—unless the driver has carelessly run out of fuel?
- Is it because Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd. carry the finest stock of replacement parts imaginable for cars of all models and dates?

Well, it may be any of these reasons; it may be a combination of them; but there is no doubt about the steady growth of

**"THE**

**Overland**

**HABIT"**

**"ONCE AN OVERLAND, ALWAYS AN OVERLAND—THE CAR THAT KEEPS UPKEEP DOWN!"**

Early delivery may be had and definite dates obtained from an Overland Agent, no matter where you live. We should like you to have a trial run; performance will prove our statements.

Write for Descriptive Literature and name of nearest agent.

**WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LIMITED**

British Factory and Sales Department, Heaton Chapel, Manchester.  
Showrooms - - - 151-3, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.  
London Service Depot - - - 111, Lots Road, King's Road, Chelsea, London, S.W.





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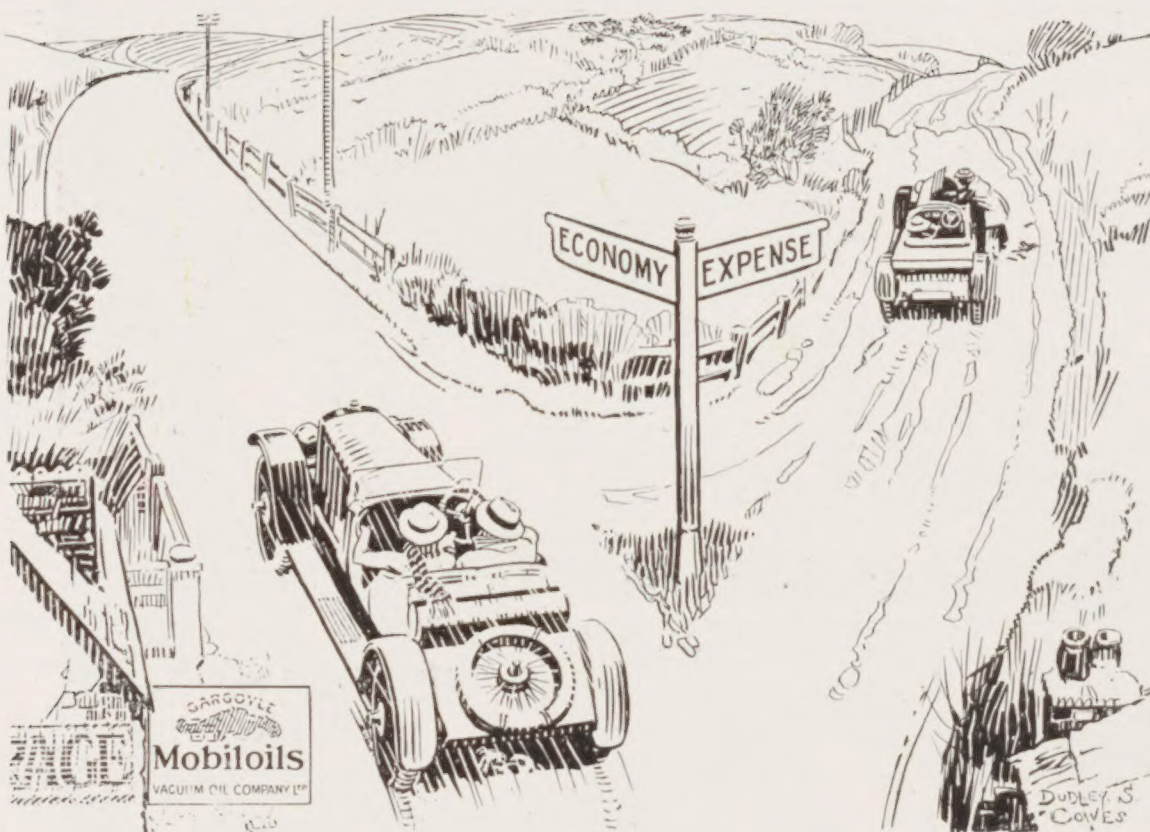
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## Take the Road to Economy

Correct Lubrication will get you there safely  
Without it you travel the road to Expense

EVERY TIME you say "Give me some oil" you depart from the road to economy and travel along the road to expense.

If you do not specify Gargoyle Mobiloil, and demand just "oil" you risk making the sacrifice of that economical running which is obtained from Correct Lubrication.

The request "Give me some oil" implies that you may be indifferent to Lubrication Economy. Why tempt Providence?



EVERY TIME you say "Give me a can of Gargoyle Mobiloil—the correct grade for my car," you smooth the way to operating economy. You get oil of the very highest quality, whose body and character scientifically fit the needs of your car. You will rarely find either a dealer or an experienced motorist who does not look upon Gargoyle Mobiloils and the Chart of Recommendations as the standard of correct lubrication.

The Chart of Recommendations, accurate and authoritative, will guide you to correct lubrication and economy. You can refer to the complete Chart at any garage, or write for "Correct Lubrication," an interesting booklet containing a complete copy of the Chart—sent post free on request.

**VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.**  
CAXTON HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1  
Telegrams: "Vacuum," Phone, London." Telephone: Victoria 6620 (7 lines).

### Chart of Recommendations—Part III. MOTOR CARS.

EXPLANATION:  
For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"  
"B" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"  
\* means oil supplied from engine

| NAME OF CAR               | 1922   |      |      |      | 1921   |      |      |      |
|---------------------------|--------|------|------|------|--------|------|------|------|
|                           | ENGINE | GEAR | BACK | AXLE | ENGINE | GEAR | BACK | AXLE |
| M.A.G.                    | A      | A    | CC   | CC   | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| M.A.S.E.                  | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| McKenzie                  | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Magnetic                  | A      | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Maibohm                   | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Majola                    | B      | BB   | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Marlborough               | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Marseal                   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Martini                   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Mascotte                  | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Mascotte Cycle Car        | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Mathis                    | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Maxwell                   | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Mendip                    | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Mercedes, Poppet Valve    | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Mercedes, Sleeve Valve    | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Mercur                    | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Mercury                   | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Merrall-Brown             | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Metallurgique             | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Meteorite                 | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Milton                    | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Minerva                   | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Mitchell                  | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Moller                    | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Moon, 6-42...             | Arc    | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Moon, 6-48...             | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Morris-Cowley             | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Morris-Oxford             | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Morris-London             | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Mors                      | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Motobloc                  | B      | BB   | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Napier                    | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Nash                      | Arc    | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| New British (a.c.)        | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| New British (w.c.)        | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Newey                     | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Noma                      | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Oakland                   | A      | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Oldsmobile (6 & 8-Cyl.)   | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Oldsmobile (Other Models) | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Opel...                   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Orpington                 | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Overland                  | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| P.A.F.                    | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Packard                   | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Paige, 6-44...            | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Paige, 6-66...            | Arc    | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Palladium                 | A      | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Palmerston, 7 h.p.        | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Palmerston, 9 h.p.        | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Panhard-Levassor...       | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Parnacott                 | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Payze                     | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Peerless                  | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Perfix                    | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Peugeot, "Quad"           | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Peugeot, 11 h.p.          | BB     | BB   | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Peugeot (Other Models)    | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Phoenix, 11.9 h.p.        | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Phoenix, 18 h.p.          | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Picard-Pictet             | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Pierce-Arrow              | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Prinsep                   | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Renault                   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Rhode                     | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Richardson...             | BB     | BB   | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Riley                     | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Roamer (Model 4-75)       | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Roamer (Other Models)     | Arc    | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Rob Roy                   | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Rochet-Schneider          | A      | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Rolland-Pilain            | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Rolls Royce               | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Rover, 8 h.p.             | BB     | BB   | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Rover, 12 h.p.            | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Ruston-Hornsby            | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Ryder-Wilson              | —      | —    | —    | —    | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| S.C.A.T.                  | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| S.L.L.M.                  | A      | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| S.O.M.E.A.                | A      | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| S.P.A. (Sports)           | BB     | B    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| S.P.A. (Other Models)     | Arc    | Arc  | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Saxon                     | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Salmson                   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |
| Schneider, Th.            | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   | BB     | A    | CC   | CC   |

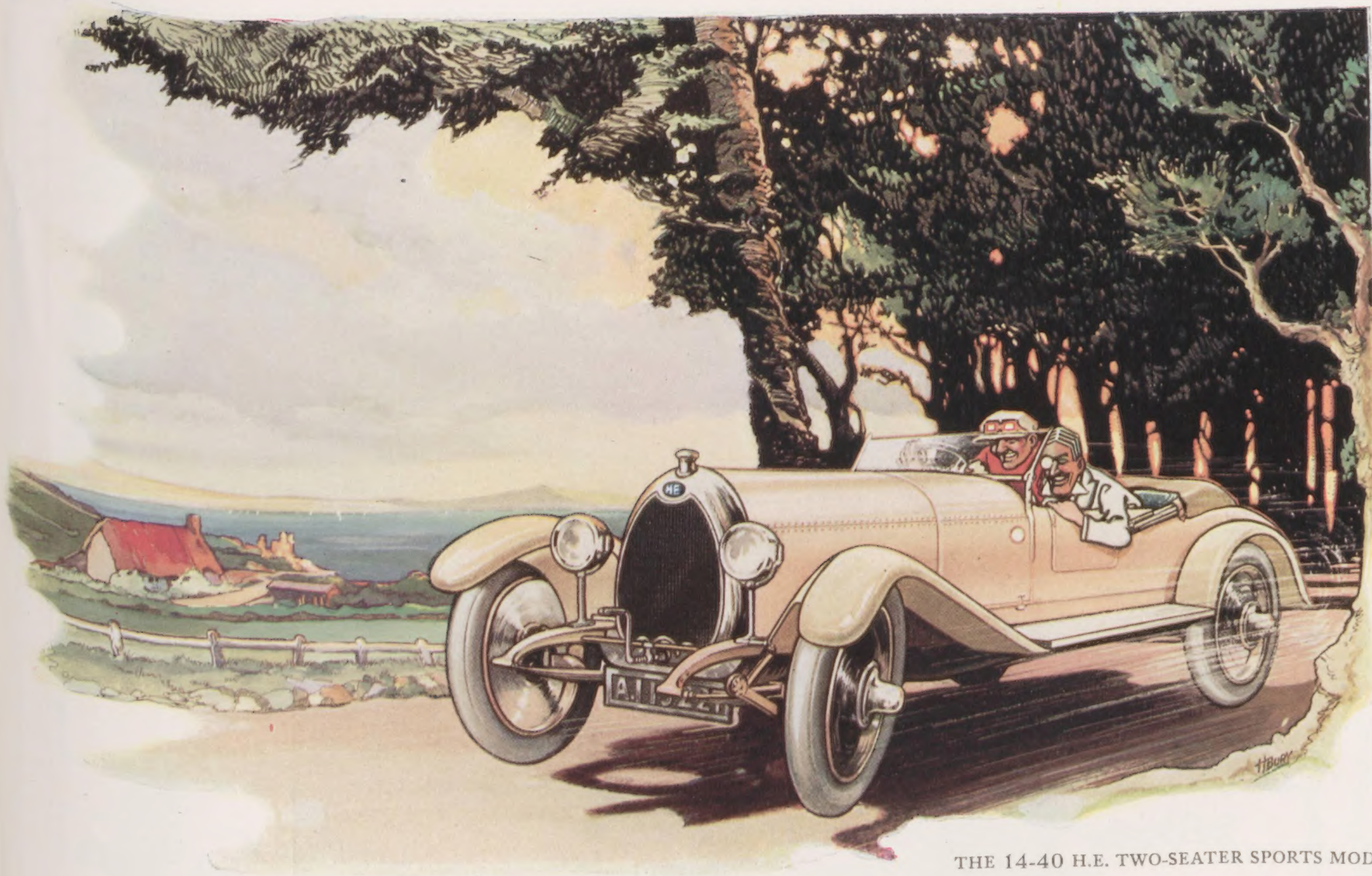
The above is the third instalment of the Chart of Recommendations  
for Motor Cars, 1922-1921 Models.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are sold by dealers everywhere



**Mobiloils**  
A grade for each type of motor





THE 14-40 H.E. TWO-SEATER SPORTS MODEL

## “SPEEDING ALONG” ON A 14-40 H.E. SPORTS MODEL

Assuredly Britain's most captivating Sports Model in its special class. A Car developed on distinctly sporting lines and gaining rapidly in popularity.

Actual tests on road and track have revealed the absolute dependability of the H.E. Sports Model under the most rigorous conditions: critical, dangerous conditions familiar to every driver—abrupt stops, steep grades, sharp bumps and curves.

This is but one of its vitally important features, and quickly establishes supreme confidence and makes H.E. ownership a lasting pleasure.

We would like you to *prove these claims for yourself*. A Demonstration Run can be arranged at any time by appointment—Phone: READING 1254.

### PRICES OF 1922 H.E. CARS

|                            |      |                           |      |
|----------------------------|------|---------------------------|------|
| Sports Model Chassis - - - | £650 | Standard Chassis - - - -  | £550 |
| Sports Model Two-Seater -  | £800 | Touring Two-Seater - - -  | £700 |
| Sports Model Four-Seater - | £850 | Touring Four-Seater - - - | £750 |

*If desired, any H.E. Model can be acquired on Deferred Terms, or it can be arranged to exchange existing Cars in part payment.*

*Write us for name and address of nearest Authorised H.E. Agency, and ask for a free copy of descriptive Booklet.*

**Herbert Engineering**  
CAVERSHAM  
Phone—READING 1254



**Company, Limited**  
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## Raising the dust on Cairn o' Mount



Although the official results are not yet published, the Press comments on the Scottish Six Days Trial pay great tribute to the hill-climbing capacity, general reliability and wonderful cooling of the G.N. Car. The G.N. has gained the highest awards in all the leading competitions of the year.

The G.N. was one of the only 5 cars to make a non-stop, out of a field of nearly 50.

### THE TOURING MODEL G.N.

WITH its powerful and quiet-running engine, perfect plate clutch and easy gear changes, the G.N. has a sturdy and efficient chassis, simple and easy to understand. The beautiful bodywork, too, is roomy and comfortable, with fine detail work and a roomy dickey seat. 50 miles to the gallon is guaranteed.

The equipment includes hood, screen, speedometer, dynamo electric lighting set, detachable wheel with spare, horn, tools, jack, etc., etc. **£225**

## G. N. MOTORS, Limited

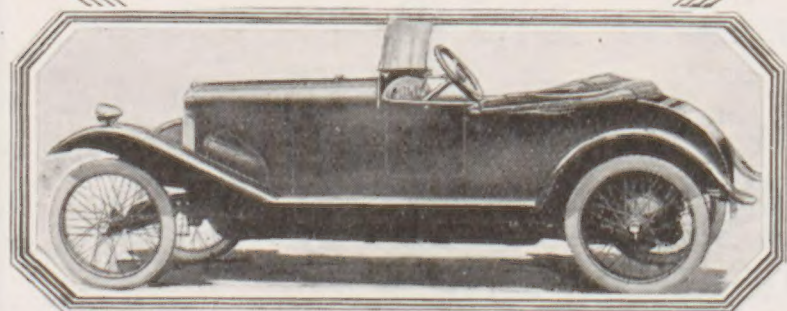
Showrooms: 222 Great Portland Street, London, W.1

Telephone: Museum 2271

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Telephone: Battersea 33, 34, 2192, 2193.



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Which

Prevent Corrosion. Increase Resiliency. Kill Rebound. Beware of Imitations. Don't ruin your springs with Oil lubrication, which deprives the springs of their essential inter-leaf friction, reduces resiliency to flabbiness, accentuates rebound and increases risk of breakages.

Price per complete outfit 30/- Special Ford and Cyclecar outfit, 20/- Postage 1/- extra.

**Auster** Pioneer and pre-eminent in all relating to Wind Shields, Hoods and Body Fittings. Spring Makers of 30 years' reputation.

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133, Long Acre, W.C.2.  
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243, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.



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7. UNITED KINGDOM (by any Atlantic Line) via Vancouver or San Francisco, to New Zealand, Australia and the South Sea Islands.
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A number of prominent motoring journalists have visited the Engine-Testing Laboratory where "Shell" Motor Spirit is tested, and have personally observed tests of "Shell" Spirit. Extracts from their articles, which have been published in full elsewhere, will be given in our announcements, and will be found to constitute remarkable proof of the superiority of "Shell."

**MR. ARTHUR J. SALMON,**  
in "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

"... Of all the motor spirits tested for my benefit during my visit" (to the Engine-Testing Laboratory) **"Shell came out on top to a remarkable extent.** That is to say, not only was **more power** developed by Shell under equal conditions of load and temperature, but **a better figure of economy** was also shown. The reason for these excellent results is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that all Shell Spirit contains a proportion of Borneo spirit, which . . . contains those properties which are to be found in benzol. The result of this is that with Shell one obtains that smooth running, high efficiency, and low fuel consumption which can only otherwise be obtained by an artificial mixture of petroleum spirit and benzol."

**MR. H. THORNTON RUTTER,**  
in "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

"TESTING SHELL SPIRIT. A variable compression single cylinder engine has been designed for the express purpose of testing Shell Spirit. . . . I inspected this testing plant lately, and **it was astonishing to note the difference between one petrol spirit and another** in regard to the amount of compression they would stand without detonating or 'pinking.' . . . The aim of the Shell Company in testing their spirits is to ensure that they not only allow an improved compression, and therefore **more miles per gallon**, but that the composition of the petrol is **always the same standard.** . . . The Shell Company is fortunate in controlling the output of the Borneo fields, and can therefore offer its customers a fuel that will stand the test of this variable compression engine to **prove its worth against all comers.**"

# SHELL

*To ensure the best running, use Shell Spirit and  
Shell Motor Lubricating Oil*

**SHELL-MEX, LTD.**

Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2

Write for leaflet "IN THE TEST-HOUSE"



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INCORPORATING  
SYDNEY WESTALL & CO

**WE** SPECIALISE  
IN . . .

REPAIRING and OVERHAULING  
PRIVATE CARS OF ALL MAKES  
and are  
**OFFICIAL REPAIRERS**  
to the  
HILLMAN MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd.  
and  
LEADING INSURANCE Co.'s

**94<sup>A</sup>, CHEYNE WALK,  
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Any make of new Car supplied.  
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WITH SOUTHERN ASPECT.

## CROWBOROUGH.

(600 yards from the Golf Club.)

UNRIVALLED POSITION. SANDY SOIL.  
FOR SALE, ON REDUCED TERMS.

One of the most perfectly-appointed PROPERTIES in the market, comprising a spacious MODERN RESIDENCE in first-rate order. Contains panelled lounge hall, a splendid suite of reception rooms, including a fine ballroom, sixteen bedrooms, three bathrooms, good ground-floor offices.

*Electric light. Central heating.*

Stabling and garage. Beautifully laid-out gardens, including two flower and kitchen gardens, in all 2 ACRES.

Strongly recommended as an up-to-date and particularly attractive home.  
HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (C.27,507.)

## A BARGAIN IN SURREY.

Twenty-two miles from town.

PRICE ONLY £7,000 FREEHOLD.

A SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE.

Lounge hall or saloon, three excellent reception-rooms, fine billiard room, sixteen bed and dressing-rooms, servants' hall.

*Gas and water laid on. Stabling. Garage. Two cottages.*

Brick-built swimming bath; farmery; magnificently timbered grounds and parklands, in all about 36 ACRES. NEAR STATION.

HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (S. 22,744.)



## KENT.

A COUNTRY HOUSE FOR CITY MAN

25 OR 75 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, a choice RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, approached by carriage drive, with lodge entrance, comprising lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and every convenience.

*Gas. Co.'s Water. Telephone. Central Heating.*

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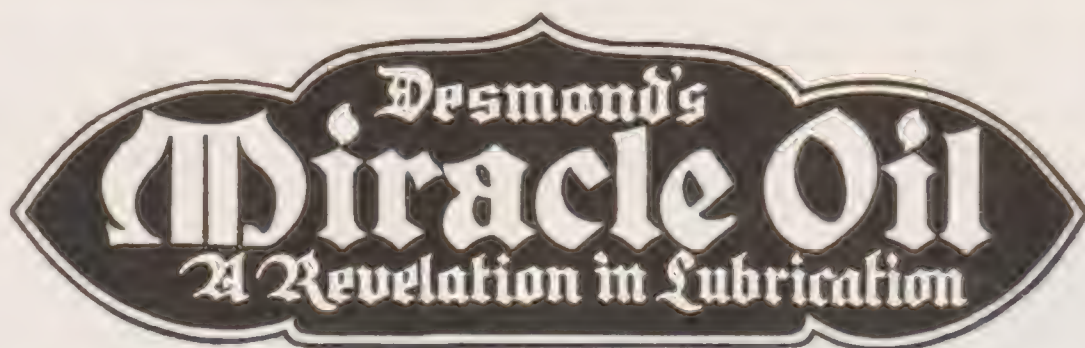
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# THE MOTOR-OWNER

JULY  
1922



VOL. IV  
NO. 38

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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.



ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR.



*Mrs. Hugh Corbet, taken at Downton, Shrewsbury. Mrs. Corbet is the only child of the late Mr. J. Spencer Phillips, Chairman of Lloyds Bank. An ancestor of Mr. Corbet's in the 18th century was the John Corbet who with his hound, "Trojan," is famous in hunting annals. (Photo by Miss Compton Collier.)*



# A LITTLE E G O.



Left: Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.  
Right: W.R.W. Princess Mary Vis-  
countess Lascelles.



Boasting in any shape or form is much to be deprecated. Perhaps the sin is more heinous when committed in print than it is when indulged in by verbal expression. Yet we are for the once constrained to commit that heinous offence, and for this brief paragraph we claim your indulgence. "The Motor=Owner" is but three years old. Yet it is doubtful if any journal ever launched has received such a volume of complimentary appreciation from every quarter of the civilised world. During the past few weeks we have been honoured with appreciative letters from His Majesty The King, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, and W.R.W. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles. We are deeply indebted for such singular honour.

Then there is the daily post-bag, which brings eulogies of this journal from—literally—every quarter of the civilised globe: diplomats, men of letters, men of standing, foreign motor car manufacturers, and ordinary readers. All this is excellent, and we shall do our utmost to continue—may we hope also to improve?—the high standard of British journalism which has called forth such appreciation. May we just add that suggestions for improvements, or criticisms, would be as cordially acceptable from our readers? And with a reiterated apology for this vaunting, and a further expression of our keen appreciation of the courtesy of our readers which has prompted it, we pass on.



His Majesty

King George V.



# A NEW TAXATION SUGGESTION.

By Captain E. de Normanville.

*A proposal is outlined which might meet the objections of the Government to a petrol tax and yet ensure a just taxation basis.*

THERE does not appear to be much variation of opinion in motoring circles on the question of the correct basis of collecting the tax which the Government at present insists on collecting. In putting forward a suggestion on the general theme, it is not to be supposed that I subscribe to the principle that such taxation is equitable, or either nationally or economically desirable. On the contrary, I have for long maintained that motoring should not be taxed in any shape or form other than nominal sums for registration and the driving licences. It is more than probable that if the road question were made a matter of purely national incidence—in just the same way as the Navy or the Army—and every effort were made to encourage rather than discourage motoring development, it would prove in the long run to the material advantage of the nation. It is economically unsound to impose any basis of taxation which has a cumulative debit effect disproportionately in excess of the net income derived from the tax in question. At the moment, however, we are faced with the fiat of the Government; that tax has to be paid and—again, for the moment—we can only serviceably interest ourselves in endeavouring to make the best of the existing circumstance.

The vast bulk of motoring opinion is in favour of taxation according to usage, and there

are few, at present, who would put forth a demand for any scheme of rebates such as used to obtain. In speaking of a tax on petrol, therefore, one means a flat-rate tax on motor spirit equally applicable to the driver of a passenger car or a commercial vehicle. The only exception which should be countenanced—assuming that the practicable objections are not insurmountable—would be motor spirit used by hospitals and kindred institutions.

Unfortunately, there is only one way in which taxation according to usage can be satisfactorily operated, and that method is a tax on motor spirit. It is frequently urged that a tax on tyres would attain the same ideal. However, there are a number of serious objections to this proposal, and, in my opinion, one of them is sufficient to render it economically undesirable. If one had a tax on tyres, a very short space of time would build up a huge

business for some few firms whose tyres give the biggest mileage and leave others in the background. It is an unfortunate fact that tyre mileage is by no means solely dependent on the skill and goodwill of the manufacturer. Geographical conditions play an important part in tyre life in just the same way as they do in the production of cotton goods. There is this difference, however: whereas the geographical conditions for cotton production are very definitely in favour of home production, when you come to the question of tyres they are to the disadvantage of this country. That is one reason, and to my mind an all-sufficient one, why the tyre tax appears economically unsound. You must also remember that the tax would have to be a pretty stiff one if collected on tyres, as an average mileage of, say, 5,000 miles per year would mean, with careful usage, paying tax only once in

two years for a considerable number of motorists. Picture your chagrín, therefore, if you happened to get a new tyre ruined by a glass bottle and lost not only the value of your tyre but also your quota of taxation contribution!

## THE PETROL TAX DIFFICULTY.

Now it is important to understand the inner facts relative to the objection taken by the authorities to a tax on petrol. It is freely stated that the Government has objections to the principle, and the



To celebrate the launching of National Benzole Mixture a luncheon was recently given at the London Country Club, followed by golf. The chairmen of the two companies are seen here, Mr. S. Henshaw on the left, and Sir Joseph Davies, M.P., driving from the tee.



## EFFICIENCY AND COMMON SENSE.

matter is allowed to rest there. That, however, is only half the story, and is consequently misleading. It is the Customs and Excise authorities who object to the petrol tax as we have hitherto known it. It is they who constitute the fly in the ointment of officialdom. The Government official merely speaks as instructed by this department. Now, whilst I do not hold that the objections of the Customs and Excise authorities are insurmountable, it is undeniable that they are based on sound fact. For example, a "tanker" could come in with a cargo of spirit and it would not be easy to say whether it was to be sold as a high-grade paraffin (duty free) or as a low-grade petrol on which tax should be paid: but that is only the beginning of the story. Assuming that such a cargo of paraffin is imported and comes in ostensibly to be used as paraffin, there is nothing to prevent it changing its journey so as to be mixed with petrol and sold as motor spirit. In point of fact, this is one of the chief difficulties of the authorities in operating an import tax upon petrol, and is accepted in Government quarters as of sufficient weight to negative the reintroduction of a petrol tax on the previous basis. We must look round, therefore, to see if it is possible to find a method which shall overcome these difficulties and yet serve our own requirements.

### THE SALE TAX IDEA.

As we have seen, the chief difficulties in connection with the old scheme centred round the importation of the fuel. Suppose, therefore, that instead of taxing on importation one were to institute a tax on sale. If this were done, would it remove the difficulties, and would it be an economically practicable proposition? I submit that it would, and the way I would set about doing it is as follows. It could be made illegal

for anyone to distribute for resale motor spirit unless licensed to do so. The vast bulk of the business in this country is done by fewer than a dozen firms. It should be comparatively easy for the authorities to obtain from these firms quarterly returns, duly certified by chartered accountants, of the gallonage of motor spirit distributed for resale. It would not matter whether it were petrol or paraffin, or a mixture of the two. So long as it was sold as motor spirit, it would have to pay the tax. The authorities would naturally take the precaution of only issuing a licence to reputable companies from whom proper returns could be looked for. If this cut out some of the "dabblers" in the business it would do more good than harm.

If such a scheme could be adopted, a flat-rate tax of threepence per gallon would raise the bulk of the money demanded, leaving a small balance to be obtained against ownership. The greater justice of such a scheme is obvious, and it would cost materially less to collect.

### POSSIBLE OBJECTIONS.

It is highly improbable that any scheme can be evolved which will not involve objections from one point or another. For example, in the proposed outline one can immediately retort that we already have quite enough

bureaucratic control and that it is very undesirable to extend bureaucracy by the institution of any further licence scheme. One is automatically in accord with such an objection. It may be pointed out, however, that the vast bulk of wholesale distribution in this country is handled by firms who may be counted upon the fingers. Consequently, the weight of such an objection is immediately lessened, and if the idea were properly worked out there should be no reason why any inconvenience should result. On the contrary, if one could look for real efficiency and common sense in Governmental circles, it would prove practicable to work such a scheme with a minimum of inconvenience to everyone.

It is, of course, an unfortunate fact that when permanent officials step in it is usual for efficiency and common sense to step out.

Then, again, there is the question of other users of petrol, such as the motor boat enthusiast, the dye industry, and so on. You may justly raise the question, "Why should people who do not use the roads contribute to the upkeep of them?" Here, of course, one is faced with a stone wall. There is no answer. All that can be done is to point out that in any legal enactment propounded for the general welfare of the community there must be some few individuals

who are unfairly hit. It is, of course, essential to maintain the ideal of simplicity, and no scheme can be simple which runs off at tangents with rebates here and exemptions there. Consequently, all that one can say in this respect is that such people would have to do their best to smile under their misfortune, and we must be gratified with the knowledge that the total amount of fuel used in such directions is less than 3 per cent. of the total consumed.



*A reminiscence of a Scottish tour—a Daimler in Glen Lyon, taken by Mr. J. A. Mackle. Mr. Mackle, although not himself a competitor, was particularly interested in the B.S.A. cars which performed so well in the Scottish Light Car Trials.*



# BRITAIN NOT YET A "DRY" COUNTRY.

*But the T.T. race, as its name suggests, was run through a deluge of water.*

"**F**IX mudguards!" and "Take cover!" were the orders of the day on the occasion of the Tourist Trophy Races held in the Isle of Man on June 22nd last, owing to the heavy downpour and miserable conditions generally. But not all competitors were able to obey. The possibility of such weather hadn't even occurred to some, while others who had used a certain amount of forethought were unable, owing to shortness of time, to make any material protective improvements to their cars. And so the first road race to be held in Great Britain since the war, difficult as it is under the best of conditions, was rendered almost impossible. From lap to lap cars and drivers were literally smothered with mud.

M. Jean Chassagne, the winner of the Tourist Trophy, which is, by the way, his first win since he began his racing career in 1906, averaged 55.78 m.p.h. on his 8-cylinder Sunbeam. His time for the complete course being 5 hrs. 24 min. 50 sec. Mr. F. C. Clement, on a 4-cylinder Bentley, arriving only 4 seconds after the winner, took second place, and Mr. O. Payne came in third on his 4-cylinder Vauxhall, completing the whole of the 302 miles in 5 hrs. 43 min. 45½ sec.

Several of the competitors in this event were compelled through one trouble and another, to retire,

including Major H. O. D. Seagrave. Although he was leading in the early stages of the race and seemed a likely winner, his first lap being the fastest of the day, Major Seagrave was compelled to give up in the fifth lap owing to ignition trouble. K. Lee Guinness, unfortunately, was prevented from even making a start, for his troubles included a broken oil joint and damaged big-end bearings sustained during last moment tests, and then when these had been remedied he was finally prevented from starting by the sudden development of a slipping clutch.

In the International "Fifteen Hundred" Trophy Race, which was run simultaneously with the Tourist Trophy owing to the small number of entries for both races, competitors were

likewise caught unawares by the sudden change in the weather, and similarly received frequent mudbaths. In spite of this, however, some exciting racing was witnessed, especially on the mountain road, where skids were frequent and seemed to be part of the competition, so cleverly were they manoeuvred by the drivers. But the greasy roads accounted for some nasty accidents, for Mr. G. Bedford whilst driving the Hillman at high speed received a large clot of mud across his eyes, and he experienced the terrible sensation of speeding, skidding, and running down the mountain side more or less blindfold. Luckily neither he nor his mechanic was seriously hurt, but, as may be imagined, the car was rendered useless. Another marvellous escape

from injury was the overturning of Mr. J. Moriceau's Talbot - Darracq on Glen Helen.

The average speed of the winner of this "swinging race," Sir A. Lee Guinness, was 59.3 m.p.h., while A. Divo, on a 4-cylinder Talbot - Darracq "skate" took the course in 17 min. 38 sec., and the third place was taken by M. Maury, driving at an average speed of 40 m.p.h.

That drivers at both races must have read Sir James M. Barrie's address on "Courage" was many times evident in the manner in which cars were handled. As for M. Jean Chassagne, nothing seemed to worry him.



Capt. Bentley, who was fourth, at Quarter Bridge. This picture illustrates the wretched weather conditions with which the competitors had to contend.



INCIDENTS OF THE RACES.



*A busy scene at the start.*



*Chassagne replenishes his fuel tank.*

Although the 1922 Tourist Trophy Race was held in almost the worst possible conditions imaginable, and although no sensational speeds



*The niceties of civilised existence  
- Sir A. Lee Guinness and*

were put up, except in so far as speed of any kind on such tricky, greasy roads is sensational, spectators' enthusiasm was in no way damped.

*his meccanicien take refreshment  
after winning the "1500."*



*A CHARMING JUNE BRIDE.*



*Lady Joan Peake, daughter of Adele Countess of Essex and the late Earl, who was married a few weeks back to Mr. Osbert Peake, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Peake, of Bawtry Hall, Yorkshire.  
(Photo by Miss Compton Collier.)*



*AT HOME IN DEVON.*



*The Hon Mrs. Clive Morrison-Bell, a daughter of the 7th Viscount Powerscourt, taken with her two children at Harpford House, Ottery St. Mary, Devon. (Photo by Miss Compton Collier.)*



## THE CAERPHILLY AND PORTHCRAWL TRIALS.

*Crowds of spectators witness some thrilling racing in the South Wales Automobile Club's first post-war meeting.*

RECOGNISED as one of the severest tests of the year, the South Wales Automobile Club held their Open and Closed Hill-climbing Competition at Caerphilly on June 28th, and despite the very unfavourable weather and the fact that it was their first hill-climb since 1914, the meeting was generally regarded as a huge success. The enthusiasm shown throughout the day by competitors and spectators alike was very marked. If clothes were damp, it was pretty evident that spirits were not.

By finishing the climb in 1 min. 9½ sec., Kensington Moir made the fastest time of the day, driving Mr. W. B. Horn's 23.8 Straker-Squire, thereby winning the R.A.C. Medal, and next to him came Mr. H. W. Cook on a 30/98 h.p. Vauxhall, taking about 3½ sec. longer. Many well-known racing men and cars were present, including Mr. R. J. Sully, who, with his 14/40 h.p. H.E., took a "First" in each of the 2,000 c.c. and "Unlimited" classes. He was also awarded the Open MOTOR-OWNER Challenge Cup offered for the best

figure of merit, irrespective of class. Another prominent racer, Kensington Moir, gave a fine display on his Aston-Martin car, and made an easy win in the 1200/1500 c.c. class. Second place in this race was taken also by an Aston-Martin, driven by Mr. Lionel Martin. The winner of THE MOTOR-OWNER Challenge Cup in the closed classes was Mr. E. R. Insole, driving a 15.9 h.p. Bentley.

In the speed tests held the following day on the Rest Bay sands at Porthcawl, which was an even greater success than the Caerphilly event, some exciting racing was witnessed. Originally planned to begin at mid-day, it was nearly three o'clock before any headway could be made owing to the strong winds and hanging tide. But when a start was made it seemed that drivers desired to make up for lost time, as 70 m.p.h. on the still "soupy" sands—incidentally the fastest time—was made by Mr. W. B. Horn, driving his 23.8 h.p. Straker-Squire.

With only a fraction of a second's difference between the two cars, Messrs. H. W. Cook and W. H. Lewis

provided an exciting finish in the "Unlimited" event. THE MOTOR-OWNER Challenge Cups in the open and closed classes, offered for the fastest times in each, irrespective of class, were carried off by Mr. W. B. Horn (23.8 Straker-Squire) and Mr. H. W. Cook (30/98 Vauxhall) respectively.

But the star turn of the day was, without doubt, the race run to clear up a misunderstanding between several competitors. A special race was quickly suggested, and to give it added interest an additional cup was offered by THE MOTOR-OWNER. The suggestion and offer were enthusiastically taken up; the hon. sec., Mr. J. Thompson Willows, agreed, and the entrants were so efficiently handicapped by the timekeepers, Mr. A. V. Ebbelwhite and Mr. T. D. Dutton, that there was not more than a foot or so between the leading cars at the finish.

The winner of the cup was Mr. J. S. Cauldrey, driving an 18.2 h.p. Essex. Kensington Moir (11 h.p. Aston-Martin) taking second place, and Mr. W. B. Horn (23.8 h.p. Straker-Squire) third. The competitors' awards were kindly distributed by Sir Julian Orle



*The finish of the special race on Rest Bay Sands.*



EXCITING INCIDENTS.



Above: Mr. H. W. Cook a little perplexed at what to do next. His Vauxhall skidded and ran on to the bank, but with the assistance of spectators the car was lifted bodily back on to the road and he succeeded in finishing the climb. The three episodes are illustrated. Centre: Alderman G. F. Forsdike, J.P., Sir



William Graham, J.P., and Sir Julian W. Orde, Kt., defy the weather and witness the thrills of the meeting. Below: Left: Kensington Moir making the fastest climb of the day on Mr. W. B. Horn's 23.8 Straker-Squire. Right: Mr. H. W. Lewis skilfully handles a nasty skid on his 11 h.p. Austro-Daimler.





## MY MOST THRILLING MOTORING EXPERIENCE.

*Miss Sybil Thorndike tells of an Unrehearsed Grand Guignol Thrill on the Northwich Road, and talks of "Anxious Annie" and Romney Marsh.*

OF course, Miss Sybil Thorndike is a keen motorist. There is a Grand Guignol thrill about some kinds of motoring that appeals to her. It is a far cry, indeed, to the intensity of Miss Thorndike's performance of excerpts from *La Tosca* at the Coliseum to the calm discussion of her preferences in cars and motoring. When we chatted with her she was fresh from a triumph over a house which recked nothing—at all events while she held the vast stage—of the sheets of driving rain outside, and a July afternoon inclement enough for February.

There is something very vital about the personality of Miss Thorndike, even in the quietude and repose of her theatre dressing-room. She has been described to us by a famous woman novelist as "incomparably the most gifted tragic actress now on the English stage. In many ways comparable to Sarah Bernhardt, and in some respects of wider range."

"Of course, Miss Thorndike, you must have had a thrilling motoring experience?" we ventured.

Miss Thorndike smiled.

She is so associated in the public mind with thrills that it would be incredible if she had not herself experienced them off the stage.

"Several," she replied. "My husband and myself are not exactly reckless motorists, but we are adventurous. We have never treated ourselves to that ideal or luxurious type of car which never fails and goes on and on with monotonous regularity, as though one were sitting at home in one's cosiest arm-chair. Oh, dear me, no. 'Anxious Annie,' that's our present car's name—because she is always wanting to start up before one is ready—has given us plenty of excitement. You would laugh if you could see us sometimes—for we spend a lot of our none too spacious leisure getting about the country in 'Annie'—by the roadside tinkering at her, my husband under her, and perhaps I myself lending a hand, or

occasionally watching his efforts whilst I read a book on a bank hard by. Mr. Casson is a most enthusiastic amateur motoring engineer, and what he doesn't know about motors, well, isn't worth knowing. He's never very clean, of course; but we are both of us perfectly disreputable—as motorists. I simply love motoring, and when one can get away for a few days we rush off to North Wales, which is my favourite motoring ground. For short week-ends nothing can excel in my opinion Surrey and Kent. In the latter county I was born, and I love it for its beauty and romance."

Suddenly Miss Thorndike pulled herself up. There was in her eyes a "What about that motor thrill?"

"Do you know what it is to really have your heart jump right up in your mouth?" she asked seriously.

"Sometimes Grand Guignol produces that phenomenon," we suggested. Again the smile that begins somewhere shyly amid the shadows of curls near her ears and breaks like a glint of sunshine on calm water about the sensitive mouth.

"We were bound for Ruthin, in North Wales, and had got as far as Northwich," said Miss Thorndike. "Our Ford (don't laugh, we have always had small and cheap cars; we are not millionaires) was going well, but our oil (yes, oil) lamps were like those of the foolish virgins in the parable, rather short of oil. We decided to economise. We would not light up until the last moment.

"I peered out somewhat anxiously ahead.

"I felt something was going to happen. Very often I seem to know these things. Blackness ahead. The sudden looming up of a dark mass. We were going pretty quickly, for we wanted to reach our destination for the night. Suddenly, as we swerved sharply to avoid the dark mass, which proved to be a slowly-crawling lorry, there was a bump—a shrill scream—silence.

"A real terror seized my heart. People who have seen some of the plays at the Little Theatre have told me that at some tense moment their throats have seemed to be grasped as though by an unseen hand. Well, that's how I felt.

"I cannot bear even the mere idea of killing things. It might have been a dog. I did not know. But instinctively I felt it was not. A vision of some human being mangled and bleeding flashed up before my eyes. I offered up an agonised prayer, anyone I knew, for that thing that lay away back in the road. We pulled up as soon as possible. I sprang out, and rushed back.

"In the gloom of the deepening dusk I saw a black something, very still, very sinister. I stooped over it. A small voice broke the silence that seemed to enshroud me—I did not or could not hear my husband and the men on the lorry talking. The voice said 'Gor!' or something like it.

"Then a small boy scrambled to his feet. He was about ten. I felt so relieved that I seized him in my arms. Yes, I think I kissed him.

"'Are you hurt?' I asked feverishly.

"'Naw.'

"'Quite sure?'

"'Yess.'

"Then I laughed.

"My husband was standing by me by this. 'Not much damage done, eh?'

"Again the broad 'Naw,' of either shyness or phlegmatic courage.

"Five minutes later we were en route again, a very grimy little boy sitting beside me in the car.

"The doctor to whom we took our 'accident' pronounced that there was no harm done. A bruise or two.

"'A marvellous escape,' he remarked, patting the boy's head.

"But that night," continued Miss Thorndike, "I dreamed of regiments of little boys being charged at and mowed down by 'Anxious Annie.'"



# A GREAT TRAGIC ACTRESS.



Miss Sybil Thorndike is probably the greatest tragic actress on the British stage to-day. Her wonderful range, her beautiful voice, and the highly intellectual and curiously intense rendering of the many tragic parts in her extensive repertoire place her on a pinnacle high

above the level of ordinary workaday art. It is no idle thing to say that her management at the New Theatre is one which deserves the fullest support of that quite large section of the community—the lovers of real acting and real drama.



Our photographs show Miss Thorndike at home with her husband and babies.

Photographs by kind permission of Miss Florence Van Damon.





## DELIGHTFUL DARTMOOR.

*A Ramble in the Little Known and Unspoiled Land of Tors and Heather.*

*By Clive Holland.*

HERE are many readers of fiction to whom Dartmoor, with its wide open spaces, its pools like silvered mirrors, its black streams meandering through the heather, peat, and the sedges, its mists, and wayward winds, and its environing tors, has become familiar through the novels of S. Baring Gould and those of Eden Phillpotts, who has made the district his own almost as surely as has Hardy that of Wessex. But its beauties and its romance are still unknown to many touring motorists who content themselves with a passage through historic Devon by the main roads and through the better known towns.

Those holiday makers who are non-motorists can reach Exeter, of course, by the fine Great Western Railway expresses, and explore Dartmoor and the lovely district by the excellent motor services.

The vastness of the Dartmoor table-land few realise. It occupies upwards of 200 square miles, and in places rises to a height of over 2,000 feet above sea level. It is a wonderful expanse, not materially changed since the Stone Age; possessing great stretches of heather-clad moorland, furze-clad downs, ravines through which rush tumultuous streams, and vast tracks of bog land. And its romantic and varied beauties none will deny who has motored, cycled, or walked across it.

Not unnaturally the mysterious moorlands and sparsely populated stretches of crags, tors, and heather have given birth to much folk lore, and even to-day in some of the remoter districts one finds, frankly or half-admitted, as the temperament may be, belief in the existence of fairies (this will please Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), pixies, ghosts, wizards, witches, omens, and other superstitions relating to good and bad luck. And there are many stories of the countryside of phantom highwaymen and grim huntsmen with spectral dogs, which emit fiery breath and are known as "wish hounds."

The pleasant and historic city of Exeter, which in a sense forms a gateway to the West Countrie, makes a very good starting point from which to make one's exploration of Dartmoor, and the district round about.

The cathedral city is intensely Devonian, notwithstanding it is the outcome of no fewer than five distinct civilisations, which have all left their mark upon it.

Placed picturesquely, the city stands on a hill rising from the banks of the Exe, whose mouth is some ten miles seaward.

There are many things of interest and not a few beauty spots in Exeter itself. Of the old castle upon Rougemont Hill, dating from the middle part of the eleventh century, only a few traces remain, but these are sufficient to be interesting, and the space within its inner walls has been wisely laid out as pleasant

gardens. Exeter played its part in many historic dramas. In the Rising of Perkin Warbeck, the Western Rebellion, the Civil War between Parliament and King, and in the bloodless conquest of England by William of Orange, when the last of the Stuart kings had fled.

The great beauty of Exeter is its age-old cathedral, which was evolved out of the old Saxon church of SS. Mary and Peter by Leofric, who in the middle of the eleventh century was its first bishop. Leofric was the first of a long line of builders whose piety and skill ultimately gave to the town its wonderful fane.

It is mainly a specimen of the richly Decorated style of architecture with Norman towers; although, as its architectural evolutionary period spread over more than three centuries, there are many evidences of Transitional work.

Its chief interior glories are its fine Decorated nave, the groinings and clustered pillars, the tracery of its windows (few of which, alas! contain good glass), the minstrel's gallery, and the great western window. Many other less obvious gems can easily be found by the student and lover of beautiful architecture.

The impression left by the building upon the unlearned visitor is one of wonderful beauty of detail, though perhaps, lacking in spaciousness when compared with some other English cathedrals.

In the Close, a green space, stands Mol's Coffee House, the big balcony, bottle-glass windows, and quiet rooms of which are familiar to all visitors to the town. It is a delightful survival of far-off days at which to pause for afternoon tea.

In the ancient Guildhall, too, Exeter possesses an architectural and historic gem, set incongruously in the High Street, with its modern shops and air of twentieth-century bustle. The front dates from the last few years of the sixteenth century, but within are survivals of the Hall of 1464.



*Bowerman's Nose.*



## A MAIN-ROAD TOUR.

Exeter is a delightful old city in which to rest, but the road to the sea is luring indeed.

One gets a delightful panorama by way of Exminster to Starcross. The latter is a pretty village at the water's edge, with a slender pier and stone steps for the ferry across to Exmouth. Kenton, with its fine church and screen, is hard by, and deserves a visit. Close, too, is Powderham Castle, the famous, though neither very impressive nor beautiful, seat of the Courtenays, who played a great part in history, and were closely allied to the blood Royal in Plantagenet times.

One goes onward along the coast to Dawlish, a seaside resort popular with West Country folk; thence to Teignmouth, where there is a really pleasant river. The harbour is picturesque and often at sundown beautiful, and the plum-coloured hills of Dartmoor lie in the distance beyond.

Unhappy Keats, the poet, came here for his health in 1818, and while staying at No. 35, The Strand, corrected the proof sheets of his "Endymion," with its famous preface, and also wrote "Isabella." Both Bishopsteignton and Kingsteignton are delightful and picturesque little towns on the road to Newton Abbot, which prosperous place may be said to be the capital of the Teign country.

It is an important railway junction, and forms an excellent centre from which to explore Dartmoor. Ford House, known as Ford, which was built in the early part of the seventeenth century by Sir Richard Reynell, is an architectural gem, at which Charles I. stayed in the summer of 1642, and William of Orange slept after his landing in Torbay.

Only the adventurous motorist will endeavour to explore Dartmoor by the lesser known roads and tracks, some of the latter of which, indeed, are such as tempt Providence in the matter of punctures and tyre bursts. But the magnificent scenery of the moor and much of its infinite variety can be experienced by taking either of the two main and most frequented routes across it, which in fact form a "circular" tour with Exeter as its north-east and Plymouth as its south-west extremity.

From Newton Abbot one runs to



Royal Oak, at Warsford, in the Exe Valley

Newton Bushell, near which is Bradley, the home of the Yards, an interesting specimen of fortified dwelling dating as to its main front from the fifteenth century and well worth seeing.

One joins the main route across the southern extremity of Dartmoor at a point a mile or so south-west of Bickington.

Ashburton possesses in its Grammar School one of the most ancient foundations in the country, dating



Mol's Coffee House, Exeter.

from 1314. The present schoolhouse was originally the old guild-chapel of St. Lawrence, of which the guild emblems have become the borough arms. The church here is worth seeing, and the beautiful tower is a landmark. There are a few old and quaint houses also worth noting. The famous author of *Westward Ho!* was born near by in a small country house, at Holne, about three miles west of Ashburton.

The road takes one to Buckfastleigh (3 m.), crossing the River Dart just outside the little town, which has been much spoiled as a beauty spot by several tall factory chimneys. The church pos-

sesses an unusual spire for Devon, and stands on a hillside from which a great deal of marble is quarried; the building has a Norman font, and a fine Early English choir.

The road is very pretty onward to the little hamlet of Dean Prior, of the Perpendicular Church of which in the seventeenth century Robert Herrick, the poet, was vicar. And here he wrote some of his most charming songs and verses.

One reaches another picturesque Devon stream at South Brent—the road being in the height of summer often only moderately good—where there are fine views of the moor.

A matter of five miles takes one to Ivybridge, one of the most picturesque and delightful little towns between Newton Abbot and Plymouth. It stands on the River Erme; paper mills provide its chief industry; but, nevertheless, the river at Ivybridge is extremely pretty as it makes its foaming way through a picturesque ravine towards Ermington and Holbethon, and thence to the sea in Bigbury Bay. The spot is a good and pleasant one for a day's halt ere proceeding to Plymouth *via* Plympton.

The latter really consists of two townlets, Plymton St. Maurice, which is just off the road to the left, and Plymton St. Mary. At the end of the uninteresting street of the latter one gets a wonderful view of its beautiful church amid the trees. It is chiefly in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles.

Plympton has fallen from its once considerable importance commemorated in the rhyme:

"Plympton was a market town  
When Plymouth was a furzy down."



## INDICATIONS OF THE STONE AGE.

Plympton, too, is the birthplace of that master of portrait painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and its Grammar School at one time had Reynolds, Eastlake, Northcote, and Haydon—four notable artists, the first two of whom became Presidents of the Royal Academy—as scholars. One should not miss the fine old Tudor manor houses of Borington and Old Newnham. The latter is the ancestral home of the Strodes, one of whom, William Strode, was one of the five Members of Parliament Charles I. endeavoured to arrest.

The road crosses the Plym and runs alongside the wide estuary. The approach to Plymouth this way is not very picturesque in its immediate surroundings, as the huge gasometers of the dockyard town and artisans' dwellings are the most prominent features.

Plymouth owes its interest and picturesqueness not to buildings or to impressiveness, but to some historical memories—the famous game of bowls on the Hoe and others—and to its magnificent position. There is little of old Plymouth remaining, what there is is being rapidly destroyed. But there are a few old houses worth seeing in the narrow streets and alleys leading down to Sutton Pool, from which the *Mayflower* sailed on her historic voyage to the New World.

The way out of Plymouth, to take the road across the northern part of Dartmoor back to Exeter, lies almost due north. One approaches the moors rapidly, and by the time one has covered the ten miles to Dousland one gets not only Dartmoor air and the scent of the sea, but also the wide open spaces. Yelverton, a pretty little village almost midway between Roborough and Dousland, is a good stopping place for a diversion to Tavistock, with its many beauties which all should endeavour to see, reached through some eight miles of delightful scenery.

From Dousland the road runs onward to sinister Princetown, which has, to the casual observer at all events, little of the glamour of romance such as that woven around it by Eden Phillpotts in his fine novel, *The American Prisoner*, or by T. Pinkerton in *The French Prisoner*. But one cannot fail to be impressed by the



Fingle Bridge, Drewsteignton.

wide expanse of moorland, the atmospheric beauties of the wilderness and the sense of freedom and spacious beauty. About five miles to the north-east of Princetown, with its ugly buildings, one comes to Postbridge on the East Dart. All around the small collection of cottages which form the hamlet, lie many prehistoric remains, hut circles, small cromlechs, avenues, and cairns which are all indicative of a considerable population in the long-past Stone Age.



A moorland stream near Swell Tor.

Five miles farther, across typical moorland scenery with many high tors, often cloud-capped or mist-enwreathed, on both hands in the distance, and one reaches the little moorland town of Moreton Hampstead. It lies on the edge of Dartmoor, surrounded by deep valleys and rugged granite tors. In Moreton the chief "objects of interest," to use a hackneyed phrase, are the ancient Poor-house, dating from the first half of the seventeenth century, with a quaint stone arcade; an old elm called the "Dancing" or "Punchbowl Tree," described by R. D. Blackmore in his Dartmoor

novel, *Christowell*. The base of the old market cross lies at the foot of the tree.

A five-mile diversion to the north-west, ere proceeding on to Exeter, takes one to Chagford, a pretty little moorland town which one can make a centre for a more detailed exploration of Dartmoor if desired. All the greatest heights are in this northern portion of the moor. The two most lofty summits are High Willhays, 2,039 ft., and Yes Tor, but 11 ft. less. Hey Tor, which is very conspicuous because of its rocks, is just above Bovey Tracy, well worth a visit, which lies about seven miles south-east of Moreton.

Cranmere Pool, the source of no fewer than four Devon streams, the Dart, Teign, Tavy, and Okement, is in the neighbourhood.

The few remaining miles, about a dozen, into Exeter are through delightful scenery by wooded combes and past banks purple with heather and clad with ferns, then into a sheltered valley where the Teign is crossed, and the road is cut out of the steep side of a hill, densely wooded, and with glimpses of blue water here and there down below.

And so back to Exeter, entering the city by the Okehampton road and across the bridge over the Exe.

To those who have not before visited Dartmoor the experience will, indeed, be a fresh and delightful one, leaving memories of open spaces, wonderful air, high tors, and moorland blazing with purple heather and yellow gorse—a recollection that will linger when Dartmoor and beautiful Devon have been left far behind.



# THE SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE.

DESCRIBED BY "THE MOTOR-OWNER."

A typical bird's-eye view  
of a battery of coke ovens



as now seen at many  
leading British collieries.

**I**T is quite obvious that the fuel one uses is one of the most important factors in motor vehicle efficiency and economic operation. The normal apathy of the user is therefore a paradox for which it is difficult to assign a reason. Why is it that most private car owners and many business vehicle users treat the fuel question with such scant consideration? They seem to think that so long as they have a known brand of motor spirit, all is well. We can assure them that if they seek maximum efficiency and economy, such a belief is entirely erroneous. We do not desire to be rude to our readers, but we incline to the opinion that the average user of a motor vehicle knows less about the fuel question than he ought to.

It is probable that this lack of knowledge and interest is the result of past history. In the early days one motor spirit was "much of a muchness" by comparison with another. The user asked for the Jones or Smith brand, as the whim took him. And the exercise of his whim did not lead him far astray. Now, however, things are materially altered. A similar choice made by whim can and does make a big difference in running costs, efficiency, and the pleasure of driving. Is it not time, therefore, that the user should acquaint himself of the

real facts of the situation? Why should he use an inferior spirit if at the same price he can buy one which is markedly better? There is no answer except the echoing "Why?"

Be it known, then, by these presents, that there is a distinct difference in the qualities of the different brands of petrol. Be it known, further, that beyond this there are distinct advantages in the use of benzole, or (and it is here we come to the real subject matter of our article) National Benzole Mixture. Before going further we may take the question of these advantages. As you are no doubt aware, the vendors of National Benzole Mixture make some rather sweeping claims on behalf of their product. In fact the claims were so sweeping that they excited our professional—shall we say it?—doubts. We thought the case over-stated. We decided that public interest demanded either a contradiction or a frank admission of truth. We decided to make careful tests on our own account, to buy our samples on the open market and unknown to the interests involved.

We have done as we decided to do, and the results were little short of astounding. The claims may be taken as read. Under actual independent tests, carried out with all reasonable accuracy,



THE SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE



One of the most impressive sights at a large benzole plant is the quenching of the charcoal red hot coke which is forced out of the retort into a tank, and sprayed with water.



# THE SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE.

Waste material is taken up the elevator on canvas trucks, hoisted and fed into the trucks



which, through a small trap door, then feed it directly into the ovens.

and—if we may say so—by experts well versed in the intricacies of the job undertaken, National Benzole Mixture fully justified the claims made on its behalf. The case in its favour was proved definitely and without possibility of quibble.

Now let us enumerate these claims which we set out to test. They are six in number: (1) 20 per cent. increased mileage; (2) sweeter running; (3) elimination of pinking and knocking; (4) better hill climbing; (5) fewer gear changes; (6) saving on running costs and upkeep. Of a truth this is a goodly list! What user of a motor vehicle can afford to ignore them? Surely none who takes any pride or interest in the performance of his machine. Yet, as we have said, we have weighed these claims in the balance of actual test, and found them *not* wanting.

We will now briefly analyse each of these

claims and give our views as to their merit when subjected to actual test. Curiously enough—the case in favour is so remarkably strong that one can afford to be punctiliously exact—the first claim is the only one that demands any supplementary comment to its acceptance. The different brands of petrol vary so much themselves in mileage per gallon that the 20 per cent. increase claimed for National Benzole

Mixture should be quoted as an average. For example, by comparison with some brands of petrol, the increased mileage given by the mixture was considerably in excess of 20 per cent., whilst in another case it was just a shade under. But speaking in general terms as an average, the claim is justifiable in the fullest sense of the term, and it only emphasises the need for the motor-owner to have adequate information on such points. One would hardly use a five pound note with a purchasing





## THE SPIRIT

Many people are inclined to think that the sale of motor spirit is a simple affair. This picture shows the amount of industrial activity



1913  
The Motor  
Owner



## THE FUTURE.

involved in only one phase of the  
purveying of National Benzole  
the huge petrol storage  
and refining plant and quayways.



refining and storage plant at  
the ocean-going tankers in the fore-  
ground were in hand, so that the  
the plant is finally completed.



## THE SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE.

A view of the "main street" running through



the huge plant at Fawley (Southampton).

power of only about four pounds, if the genuine article could be obtained at the same initial cost. Yet that is precisely analogous to using an inferior motor spirit when you are able to obtain a better one.

We may come now to the consideration of the second claim—sweeter running. This, of course, is a more difficult aspect in fuel factor values upon which to make practical tests. None the less the claim is unquestionably justifiable alike in technical theorisation and practical result. National Benzole Mixture consists of 50 per cent. of benzole guaranteed up to the N.B.A. standardised specification, and 50 per cent. super grade No. 1 British refined petrol. It is the splendid proportion of benzole which ensures the sweeter running, as the gas produced from this mixture gives a less violent detonation and a steadier pressure than that obtainable from a petroleum spirit. Consequently the engine runs

more smoothly, and the whole transmission effort is correspondingly smoother. It is also an undoubted fact that an engine running on this mixture is more pleasant to handle: it gives a nearer approach to the charming smoothness of steam.

Point three refers to the elimination of "pinking" and knocking, and this claim hardly calls for substantiation, as it is a commonly known feature of advantage when using benzole. You may have an engine that pinks badly on ordinary petrol at very small provocation. Change over to National Benzole Mixture and that objectionable defect vanishes at once.

Better hill climbing is the subject of the next advantage claimed on behalf of this fuel, and here again theory and practice both substantiate the claim. The specific gravity of benzole being greater than that of petrol, there are more B.T.U.'s per gallon, or,





# THE SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE.



GOOD general impression of all that goes to make up a large benzole plant may be obtained from this model. The pit head is indicated just behind the gasometer, and the process is carried on from that point to the final despatch of the highly refined finished article, which is of exceptional quality. In the bottom right-hand corner is shown a barge for conveying the spirit by canal, a transport service which, of course, supplemented by the use of commercial vehicles. The benzole obtained from such a plant comes from the gases generated in the production of metallurgical coke. Initially the fuel is a crude production, and it has to be subjected to extensive treatment in washing and refining before the high-grade motor spirit stage is reached.



# THE SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE.

A trap at the bottom of the trucks allows the coal dust to fall direct into



the dust is caught and mechanically separated from the smoke.

in simple language, more power. The elimination of pinching previously referred to gives an added advantage in that more top speed hill climbing can be done—which is the subject matter of the fifth claim.

Then, finally, we have to analyse "saving on running costs and upkeep." The first point is obvious from the increased mileage, and as we have already shown, the saving is an important one. The smoother torque, or output of power, provided by National Benzole Mixture, means less sudden strains on the transmission gear and tyres generally.

Benzole is a British fuel produced in this country by British employees from British industrial activities, and all National Benzole is produced to a guaranteed quality—the standard specification of the Association.

On the petrol side of the scheme we have the Agwi Petroleum Cor-

poration, Ltd., who have erected a splendid refining plant at Fawley, near Southampton, which forms the subject of our two-page central illustration, though at the time the artist made the picture further extensions were in hand. The Agwi Petroleum Corporation is a powerful syndicate, British controlled, and with amply guaranteed supplies of crude oil. This crude oil is brought over in their own tankers and is British refined at Fawley, so that the whole scheme is as near British as it is possible to get any really large motor spirit business.

The refining process is the secret invention of Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Tinker. A super grade petrol is produced, and we have satisfied ourselves as to its exceptional quality. The two fuels are mixed scientifically and then distributed in the ordinary way. And that, briefly, is the story of what may truthfully be called "An Ideal Motor Spirit."







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A JOLLY WEEK-END PARTY.

CELEBRITIES AT LEISURE.



*Top left: A little lady of international fame, Miss Fannie Ward, the stage and cinema star. Right: Miss Isobel Elsom, who is rapidly forging ahead in*

*her profession; and, below, Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, the theatrical manager, and Miss Tony Bruce, a striking character in "Quarantine" at the Comedy.*



## LANCHESTER EFFICIENCY.

*A Wonderful Demonstration of Acceleration, Suspension, and Comfort in General.*

THE Lanchester car has a far greater claim upon the motoring public than that which arises from the fact that it is one of the few nearly perfect modern automobiles. It has the claim that it has acted as a pioneer in many of the features of design which make possible the effortless and luxurious motoring of to-day. Silent worm-driven rear axles, for instance, and cantilever suspension find a place in the make-up of most of the up-to-date luxury cars, and, incidentally, in the design of many a moderate-priced model. Both features first appeared in a Lanchester car in the very dark ages of motoring.

It is a matter of interest, also, even though no particular credit attaches to the Lanchester from the fact, that two unconventional items universally regarded as Ford inventions—epicyclic gearing, and the flywheel magneto—were originally introduced on the Lanchester car.

Since the ordinary high-tension magneto has been improved almost to the point of perfection, the ingenious low-tension generator has gone the way of tiller-steering, the situation of the engine in the middle of the chassis instead of in front, and the early unconventionalisms in the case of the Lanchester; but one individuality has been retained right up to date, and for the best of reasons. The feature in question is the three-speed epicyclic gearing: the reason, that it is sound, of proved efficiency, and, from the point of view of the user, possesses considerable advantages over the usual sliding spur-wheel type of gearbox.

In the Lanchester gears the teeth are always in mesh, and any particular ratio is engaged by merely tightening or loosening the brake-bands on the drums concerned. It is impossible to make a noise in changing, impossible

to make a mistake. This will be the better understood if we say that with the car running at forty miles one can move the gear-lever into any speed—even into reverse—and the only result is a powerful effect of retardation. Any gear, in fact, can be engaged at any car speed, and the take-up of the gear-bands will be gentle and, except for the slowing-down or speeding-up of the engine in relation to road-speed, unnoticeable.

This, it will be admitted, is a very valuable attribute, since the question

of gear-changing is still very much of a bogey to a large proportion of drivers. As a matter of fact, of course, the Lanchester is pretty much of a top-speed car; but in view of the fact that the engine dimensions are a little on the small side for the class to which the car belongs, if extreme speed is desired on a long hill it is usually desirable to drop to second speed, even though the car will comfortably, if more slowly, climb the gradient on top. No one can possibly object to this on the Lanchester, since not only is the change itself child's play, but instead of the high-pitched scream that usually announces the use of an indirect gear, the Lanchester is just as quiet on low and intermediate as it is on the straight-through top. Literally, the only difference in the running of the car is that the engine is naturally turning over at a greater pace on the lower ratios—and even this fact is recognisable only by a trained ear.

Fully to appreciate the wonderful acceleration of the Lanchester engine it is necessary to make reasonable use of the gearbox, for while there is nothing particularly remarkable about the running of the engine at a car speed of, say, 20 miles an hour, or at engine revs. below a thousand, higher up the range the engine seems to be positively alive. We had a striking demonstration of this during a recent run on a 1922 Lanchester, with Mr. Millership, the firm's popular Sales Manager, at the wheel. We were just touring along the Portsmouth Road, when, a hundred yards or so ahead, we noticed another car, travelling at a still more moderate pace.

"Watch the indicator," said Mr. Millership. "I will accelerate up to 60 and come down again to 20 before we overtake that car."

It was so—or, to be strictly accurate, the Lanchester reached 65,



*Light and shade in a Surrey lane. The car is an up-to-date Lanchester.*



# TESTS OF A SUSPENSION SYSTEM WHICH

and yet was back at the 20 mark many yards before the other car was overtaken. As a general exhibition of the life of the engine and the controllability of the car one could not imagine a more striking demonstration.

The second outstanding feature of the Lanchester car's performance is the extreme efficiency of the suspension. Running at ordinary, fairly rapid touring speeds, Mr. Millership repeatedly took the near-side wheels on to and off the raised footpath, and at the worst the passengers felt a slight—very slight—jar. No actual motion was transmitted to the body; the concussion of the wheels, indeed, was heard rather than felt.

This demonstration of the suspension efficiency was carried a stage further at Newlands Corner, where the car was run off the road on to the rough ground at the side. Over this the car ran smoothly and without perceptible jolting, and Mr. Millership eventually pulled up with the off front wheel well up the slopes of a high mound. The tilt thus caused was very nearly enough to overturn most cars, but at any rate the chassis should have been under a considerable twisting strain. As a matter of fact, however, the twist was entirely absorbed by the springs, as was proved by the fact that all the doors opened and closed as freely as though the car had been standing on level ground—and this in spite of the fact that the long body was in the shape of an unsupported shell so far as the front seats were concerned, and would presumably suffer from the slightest misplacement of the chassis frame.

These tests were of a severity not likely to be encountered in the average use of the car, and bear witness to the great margin of safety possessed by the Lanchester car. In ordinary running the springs have a peculiar action, which gives a sensation of floating to the passenger, and suggests an extreme lightness in the car which one knows full well is an impression not borne out by the facts. The worst of pot-holes and waves in the road surface have literally no effect whatever, and portions of the road that one knows from previous experience in other cars to be in a very poor state are almost miraculously smoothed out.

Regarding the performance of the Lanchester as a whole, after a particularly illuminative demonstration, one comes to the conclusion that the car is one of outstanding merit, even in its exceptionally distinguished class.



Above: The "hairpin" corner on the ascent of Boxhill from the Burford Bridge side. Below: The Lanchester in the neighbourhood of Newlands Corner.





# SMOOTHES OUT THE ROUGHEST ROAD.



*Above: On the upper slopes of the ascent of Boxhill, from the top of which a wonderful view is obtained.  
Below: A demonstration of suspension efficiency.*

The Lanchester is a big car, and, as such, one might be inclined to think that it required considerable skill in handling, and that a whole day at the wheel would be mentally fatiguing to any but an expert. Skill is required, naturally; the more skilful the handling even of a motor-scooter, indeed, the better its performance. But the control of the Lanchester is so simple and every operation so light that the impression given by the actual bulk of the car is entirely erroneous. To all intents and purposes, nothing is required but to steer—and even that is performed rather by will power than by physical exertion. The reserve power and elasticity of the engine, coupled with the fact that if a gear change should become necessary, the change is absolutely straightforward and devoid of trickiness, renders the car entirely suitable for the veriest novice to drive—in all but one thing. That thing is that a car of the Lanchester's class, running so smoothly and effortlessly, is deceptive as to speed. Forty or fifty miles an hour is as twenty with the average light car; in fact, the delight of driving so live a vehicle is apt to make the novice lose his sense of proportion so far as speed is concerned, and, although the braking action of the car is on an equality with its other functions, it is a little unnerving to find situations of emergency rushing upon one at nearly a mile a minute when one had not realised that one was not merely ambling along at a pleasant touring pace. When all is said and done, the use of a fast, comfortable car does require skill, in the shape of wide road experience and the ability to act promptly and with complete coolness in all circumstances. Therefore, it would be a dangerous recommendation to say that the novice may acquire his experience at the wheel of such a super car as the 1922 Lanchester.

One further point strikes us, and that is that in spite of its bulk the Lanchester is a car that can go anywhere and need not be kept sedulously to main roads. It is so readily controllable, is capable of tackling the roughest of ground without damage or even discomfort that the lane which apparently leads to nowhere—that fascinating unknown which tempts all of us off the beaten track at times—is equally open with the great trunk thoroughfare. In such circumstances the full benefit of the simple Lanchester gear change, no less than the all-but-perfect suspension, is felt.



# ETIQUETTE FOR RIVER FOLK.

By Captain P. A. Barron.

*Our Sarcastic Contributor further exercises his wonderful powers of observation.*

**B**RITISH love of athleticism is nowhere so evident as on the silver streams which in summer time bear upon their gleaming surfaces thousands of motor boats in which lounge muscular young men with brawny, sunburned arms strengthened by the healthful toil of starting up their engines.

Here, also, may be seen white-clad English girls poling punts up-stream under the tuition of athletic youths who recline on cushions beneath the shelter of Japanese sunshades. Here "in the long unhampered days" we may watch picnic parties tied up to banks thickly wooded with notices which threaten prosecution for trespass, in the pleasing shade of which the moored boats battle with the billows made by motor craft.

It is an idyllic scene.

There are, of course, rainy days which are chosen for regattas and illuminated fêtes, but on these occasions real lovers of the river may remain at home. A regatta looks best in pictures. If it is necessary to attain or maintain a social position among the *élite*, it is well to have yourself photographed on the upper works of a houseboat early in the season. These pictures can be sent to the illustrated papers by your secretary with suitable inscriptions, such as: "The beautiful Mrs. Fitzboodle-Dibs, the well-known society leader, modestly retires from the public gaze to her pretty houseboat 'The Gilded Waterlily,' which she has taken for Henley week. It will be noticed that Mrs. Fitzboodle-Dibs favours the short skirt fashion."

Those who are struggling up the social ladder usually invite stage beauties to their houseboats on Sundays, and bathing photographs may be taken. The social climber's press agent then sends these to the papers with attractive titles. For example: "Beauty revealed, thanks to the heat wave. An entrancing picture. How the lovely Fay Footlights keeps cool. Her hostess is the fascinating wife of

Mr. Von Grabstein, the famous English financier."

By sending out these photographs before important river functions publicity may be obtained without the irksome necessity of attending regattas which are often marred by racing, and at which the most fascinating creations of the costumiers may pass unnoticed in the crowd.

In recent times there have been many complaints regarding infractions of the rules of etiquette which should be observed on the river. We are convinced that occasional lapses from good taste are to be attributed to ignorance of the unwritten laws of river society, and we have observed closely modern manners in order that the conventional code may be described. There should be conformity in these matters.

The popularity of the river is

chiefly due to the fact that it is possible to make a noise on it on Sundays. This adds to the gaiety of residents on the banks and produces that pleasing holiday atmosphere so characteristic of the Day of Rest. Houseboat parties usually use pianos and banjos, paddle steamers carry students of the cornet and the harp, and people who use rowing boats or punts employ the gramophone as their weapon. Motor boats when well tuned and run with open exhaust need not be equipped with any musical instrument except a mechanical or electrical horn for use when the engine is not running. Electrically operated horns are the more suitable as these may be played without effort and can be made to emit a continuous bellow until the batteries are exhausted.

As all are good-naturedly anxious to add to the gaiety of a day on the river, it must be remembered that it is necessary to produce very violent sounds in order to gain the admiration of the throng. Megaphones are used by some of the best people, who shout through them humorous remarks at any couples in boats moored to the banks. The comments always show delicacy and refinement. Many charming ones may be heard, and these should be memorised for future use. If a sedate and elderly gentleman is seen taking tea with his wife in a punt, a pleasingly humorous effect may be produced by shouting through a megaphone "'Oy! I see you cuddlin' there. Naughty, naughty!'" This is all in the cause of morality, and this pleasing feature of river life has been introduced by professional scandalmongers who do so much to keep up our reputation among the nations. Last year they took their telescopes to the seaside in order to spy and report upon young ladies who ventured to bathe, but this year they are turning their attention to the river girl in order that they may write attractive copy by insulting her in print.

Some keen followers of river fashions now place large astronomical telescopes



"People who use rowing boats or punts employ the gramophone as their weapon."



## MEANS OF HUMAN ENJOYMENT.

on punts and direct these instruments towards any craft which contains a quiet couple who have made their way to a shady backwater to escape the din of the river. The pastime is fairly safe in England, though it might not be tolerated in countries less refined and civilised than ours.

It is a curious fact that there are a few river folk who do not enjoy Sunday brawling. By refusing to take part in the river revels they shirk their duties to their fellows, and present-day etiquette demands that they should be driven from their haunts. Often they may be found in the less populated backwaters dozing over books during hot summer afternoons. The usual method of waking up these unsociable folk is to moor a punt alongside them and crank up a gramophone. The punt should contain at least four or five men and girls who may augment the braying of the machine with their own voices. Delightfully funny effects may be produced on Sunday afternoons by running gramophone records of hymns at the highest speed of which the machine is capable, to the accompaniment of loud laughter and humorous comments. Other good laughter-provoking effects may be attained by running two gramophones simultaneously, one with a supply of sacred music and the other with secular jazz-time. As the instruments seem to try to outshout each other, the effect is indescribably funny and produces shrieks of enjoyment from those who sought the backwater for the purpose of spending a quiet afternoon, and are thus saved from boredom.

The development of motor boats has added enormously to the enjoyments of the river. Formerly our streams were calm and insipid, but now they are broken into billowy foam so that boating folk find a river trip as exhilarating as an ocean voyage in rough weather. The majority of motor boat owners understand their duties and make praiseworthy efforts to add to the general fun. They are seen at their best about tea time when hundreds of rowing boats, punts, and canoes are moored along the banks while the occupants boil kettles and spread dainty

little tea tables in their fragile craft. Usually three or more motor boat owners work together, as they find they can produce a finer tidal wave if they race up river alongside each other.

As they approach a long line of tea parties they open their throttles to the utmost, and, as they surge forward, leaving huge billows in their wake, they watch with keen enjoyment the result of their effort to bring healthful excitement into many quiet lives. Most of the canoes sink, but many of the rowing boats and punts outride the waves and may be saved if the occupants use those tea cups which are not broken for baling purposes. The shrieks of happy appreciation will more than repay the aquatic motorists for the small amount of petrol used.

Some of the keenest motor boat owners are now fitting 350 h.p. aero engines into a new type of craft which may best be described as a highly efficient water plough. When these are driven at full speed they can cause practically the entire river to leave its bed and break in magnificent billows over the banks. After the passage of one of these, light river craft may often be found stranded far inland or entangled in the branches of high trees. Experiments are now being made with a super water plough which

is expected to throw its tidal wave over the upper decks of houseboats, and to engulf tea rooms on the banks. The progress of science and the increase in the means of human enjoyment are so rapid nowadays that it may be only a few weeks before these craft are ready to be manned. Their first appearance at a regatta will be awaited eagerly, as many keen boating men are anxious to display their ability to handle their craft in really stormy waters.

A few of the simpler rules of etiquette may be summarised.

When you see that you are about to ram another boat amidships, always shout "Look ahead, sir." This relieves you of all responsibility. If the craft you sink is an anchored punt containing anglers, make no attempt to rescue the crew. They are pests who should be destroyed.

If you wish to picnic on the bank, choose a private garden. Disregard notices about trespassing, and if you are disturbed say that you know your rights as a hero, and that you are not going to be bullied by pampered landowners who live in luxury. The chances are that you will not be disturbed, for most owners of riverside property now leave their residences during week-ends. Leave in the private garden as much paper as possible containing the debris of your meals. It is possible that the owner may keep fowls. Remember, also, that picking up waste paper gives employment to many worthy gardeners kept for this purpose by riverside landowners.

When you wish to pass through a lock force your boat in front of all others which are waiting there. This may be done by grabbing at the sides of other boats and exerting your full strength. You thus push them backwards as you thrust your own boat forwards. If there are ladies in the boats which are in your way, it is improbable that their men folk will describe you accurately, whereas you will not be handicapped in a war of words.

If you do not care to observe strictly all these nice points of river etiquette, you will make yourself unpleasantly conspicuous by behaviour which is so different from that of the majority.



"Students of the cornet and the harp."



## A COTSWOLD TROUT STREAM.

**D**URING the last days of the early summer months the wily trout fails to live up to his reputation, for that is the time of the May Fly—the time when he gorges—when his powers of discrimination are dulled by indulgence. Having passed safely through the lean times of winter on frugal and hard-earned diet, suddenly he finds himself in the midst of easy plenty—fat May Fly in various forms of delectableness are there for the taking—Nymph, sub-Imago and Imago. Breakfast, dinner and supper he has only to lie with his nose up stream and take the good things that the gods send him—no darting after sticklebacks—no furious chases after the slim minnow—just ease and plenty; no wonder he for a while loses his wiliness, and becomes fat and an easy prey to the fisherman whose clever imitation of the natural fly drops invitingly before his very nose.

Though it is not the time when the true fisherman most greatly enjoys his sport: excepting when—as is often the case—it gives him his chance of getting some of the bigger fish that have been too cunning for him and his small flies—yet the trout fisherman is usually a lover of nature, and in May Fly time nature in rural England is at its very best, full of wonders large and small. Think of the wonder of the birth and life of the May Fly alone—it is an egg—deposited in the

bottom of the stream—it becomes a grub, which, if then it does not become a meal for his speckled Highness, burrows into the mud to become a Nymph, which rises to the surface and, if not devoured by fish or fowl, floats a little way down the stream—until from the case emerges a winged fly or sub-Imago, which after a brief struggle—if not caught by trout or swallow—flutters to bank or to friendly branch. Here again it is subject to many foes ere it changes the whole of its skin and wings to become, for two or three days, the perfect insect or Imago. For two or three days it flies a giddy nuptial dance up and down, up and down—fine sport for swallows—and then, if still alive, becomes food for fishes.

Cotteswold trout streams have a place of their own in the annals of the piscatorial world. Let me describe a little stream near my own home, which will convey to my readers a picture of many streams in this delightful country. As Alfred Tennyson says:—

“ I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles;  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,  
By many a field and fallow,  
With many a fairy foreland set,  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I wind about and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout, „  
And here and there a grayling.

Our stream rises seven miles away at Seven Springs—it is, in fact, the Thames—and after meandering these several miles it passes through our grounds. In the near distance may be seen the hills, some clothed with oak and ash—some rugged spurs, bare, yet kindly with the touch of evening sun upon the glistening lime-stone—and under the shadow of the overhanging alder many a fine trout lies in wait for the hapless fly. A few evenings since, when the sun was setting and the wind had dropped, I took my rod and strolled the stream, accompanied by a friend, a keen photographer. The beauty of the scene and the hour almost made him forget his hobby, but the excitement of a “rise,” a cast, and a catch, soon brought him back to the reality of the purpose of my stroll. Here, within sound of many a touring car, we landed our beauty, and so we walked and stalked along the banks until my creel was satisfied. To those who have not visited this delightful corner of Gloucestershire (less than a hundred miles from London town), a broad high-road, thoughtfully prepared by the Romans, invites you: and the beauty of the Cotswolds will well repay any motor-ing friends who undertake the journey.

SIDNEY LANE.



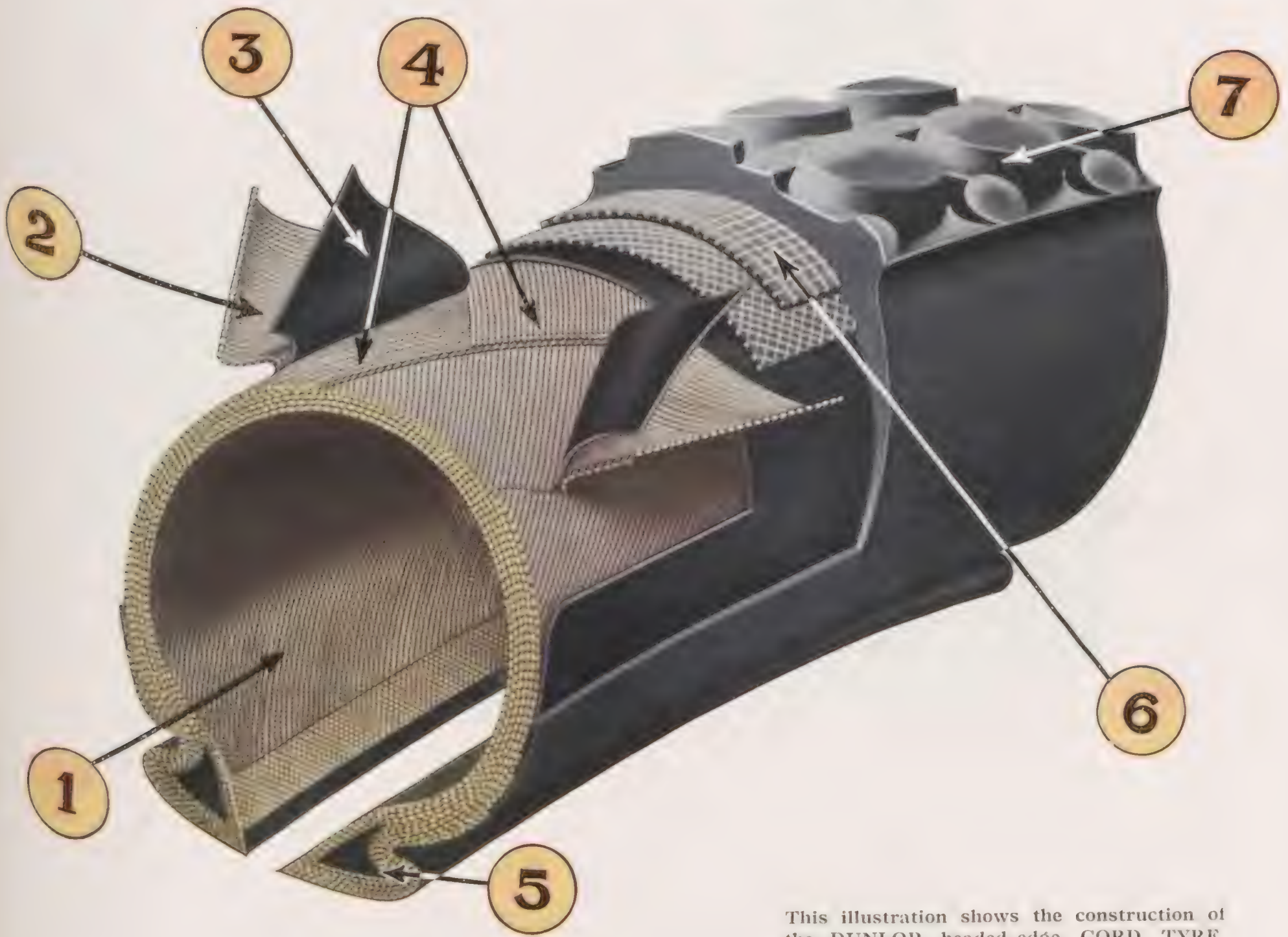
The excitement of a cast, and a catch, soon brought him back to reality.



Cotteswold trout streams have a place of their own in the annals of the piscatorial world.



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IT DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW.

# IN PRAISE OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

By C. S. Brooke.

*All Beauty does not lie along the Field Path, Lane or Cart Track.*

I, TOO, have stood on Windgather Rocks, whither no road leads, and missed my way in deep woods after sundown, and on the high moors—yes, even on mountain sides—in what may be termed, since either definition would pass muster, in mists and clouds. For the wanderlust had me by the heels while I was yet in my teens, and in those halcyon years the motor-car was not—was not even a chrysalis—and the bicycle, most simple of machines, was deemed freakish, not without reason, seeing that it was at that time the sort known as a “penny-farthing,” but now more honourably as the “good old ordinary.” In one of those teens—the sixth, one seems to remember—I footed it, with a knapsack on my shoulders—one is writing literally, not figuratively—o’er mountains and through valleys in North Wales, and later, more than once or twice, we, a friend and I, burned our sandwich papers on the edge of Grizedale Tarn before crossing Dolly Waggon Pike on the farther way to “climb the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.”

And so, and also because to this day—or at any rate this very joyous month—I have a foot for a stile and am given to wandering as well as travelling, you will appreciate me when I say that I, in setting out to praise the beaten track, am innocent of any intention to belittle that other estate commonly referred to, and often extolled, as “off the beaten track.”

But though one would not, either flatly or by inuendo, say anything

derogatory to “off the beaten track,” nevertheless one may be prepared roundly to rate those who allow their affections for the field paths, the green lanes, the woodland rides, and the moorland and mountain tracks so to warp their judgment of the “’ard, ’igh road” as to condemn it, whether mildly, as the elderly dons do, or, as the virile young pundits, by bell, book, and candle, not to mention the snuffers.

One may admire Cousin Connie without altogether flouting Cousin Grace, move in select golfing circles—be even on What’s yours? terms with quite a number of plus men—without deeming all cricketers “flannelled fools”—does Mr. Kipling ever regret the term, one wonders?—play lawn tennis without losing all one’s zest for the river, and, as surely, reckon Wye, her mature loveliness, below Ross not less acceptable than she is, in her prattling infancy, amid the gray-green solitudes of Plynlimmon.

They say, the fearsome-to-behold fellows in Norfolk jackets, baggy knickerbockers, and hobnail boots, that the turnpike is commonly as uninteresting as it is hard of going, and that not to the traveller by it is the loveliness of this wonderful island of ours revealed. And if you make so bold as to argue the matter with them they flourish their walking sticks, at times as if in menace, and end by ticking you off as an irreclaimable Philistine.

I, for my part, especially with the case of Wye still in my mind, remain not only an irreclaimable Philistine, but also an unrepentant. According to my experience they who decry the beaten track for the purpose of forcing up the market in off the beaten tracks are to be classified as one or another of three sorts of persons—ignorant, ill-balanced, and superior—or a mixture of all three—a most ungodly mixture, take my word for it if you do not already know.

It has been my lot, for which sin I am unable to determine, often to have had to suffer such lop-sided fellows. Once I had the misfortune to meet two of the kidney on the top of the Bwlch Rhiwfelen—bwlch is Welsh for pass, and Rhiwfelen for I don’t know what. A curlew went whistling, and a grouse waxed exhortatory; a grayish-blue cloudlet (bigger, though, than a man’s hand) floated on the topknot of Cyn-y-Brain, and the sun was nearing his setting in a blaze that Turner—who specialised in lurid sunsets, you may remember—might have deemed

(Continued on page 36.)



Llanberis Pass, looking towards Capel Curig.



# THE PROOF OF THE TOURING CAR—



*The 11.9 Star, driven by R. Lisle, on the top of Glendoe Hill.*



*Mr. Tom Shaw driving the Charron-Laycock up Cairn o' Mount.*

The recently concluded Scottish Trials organised by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, worthily upheld the traditions of this famous test. Not only was the actual, tangible test much more



*A little Swift in the early stages of Amulree.*

strenuous than anything we have seen down South, but the regulations ensured that the entered cars should be touring cars, absolutely. The result is that, quite apart from the actual awards



*One of the Citroëns on the worst corner of Amulree.*



*A 12 h.p. Talbot-Darracq on Little Gruinard Hill.*







(Continued from page 33.)

above a bit fine. But they two, my chance acquaintances, were true to type.

The turf of the hill-top—thereabouts the road is unfenced—was soft and dry for lolling, the surroundings were charming, and the incidentals inspiring; but what must the fellows do, after having passed the time o' day and remarked upon the grand sunset, but commiserate me upon my being a poor, circumscribed roadman. At their: "The worst of motoring is..." I bridled, but when they had had their full say I parted from them without anger, without sorrow, without any other words than Good evening! And as I rolled down and down and down towards Valle Crucis Abbey by the way of the Horseshoe I first chuckled and then was so vengeful as to laugh outright at the thought of them, their vaunted superiority notwithstanding, padding it down the old road, through Pentre-dwr, to the ruined abbey in the lovely little vale of the cross.

#### "A REGULAR PASS."

For the old road, a short cut, is shut in, a commonplace way, breakneck too if you are on a wheeled contraption, whereas the Horseshoe is something like a hill road, "a regular pass," as old George Borrow has it, "which put me wonderfully in mind of the passes of Spain."

To my thinking it is high time the fellows who go stumping the earth mantled in cloaks of superiority should be told flatly that as they are not themselves the salt of the earth, neither is it given unto them to enjoy a

monopoly of the earth's loveliness. There are as good things on the beaten track as off it, and as many of them; and were one to reinforce the argument by an enunciation of the many other beautiful things that are so little wide of the beaten track as to be equally accessible to roadmen and the wanderers off the beaten track, then, indeed, would one have the superior

what it is—a road of parts, here a thing graceful to a degree, there quite a grand thing, and withal one of the finest roads within the confines of our three British homelands—the scoffers at the beaten track might be tempted to urge that I have taken an outside instance. Well, as to that, let us see! Have they, one wonders, ever traversed the great ten-mile stretch of the King's highway from Barmouth to Dolgelley when the tidal Mawddach is at the flood? Or that other stretch, not far distant, from Aberdoverly to Mac-hynlleth, also ten miles in length and, as well, also a riverine road?

But great as these are, each in its own several ways, one might reel off a hundred and one others grand enough or lovely enough—as the Pass of Llanberis in the one sort and the woody road from Exeter to Minehead in the other—to turn the tables, no matter how heavily laden, on those who scoff at the beaten track.



*Llyn Peris, with Snowdon in the background.*



*The Pass of Llanberis.*

persons beaten to a pulp as messy as a jellyfish. Stokesay Castle and Haddon Hall are both as much ours as theirs, for each is within sight from a main road, as Tintern Abbey also is, as Warwick Castle, as Little Moreton Hall, as Stonehenge—it, though, is impressive rather than beautiful—and as each of the five lakes—Windermere, Rydal Water, Grasmere, Thirlmere, and Derwentwater—for which the road from Windermere Village to Keswick Town is justly famous.

#### TEN-MILE STRETCHES.

The Windermere-Keswick road being



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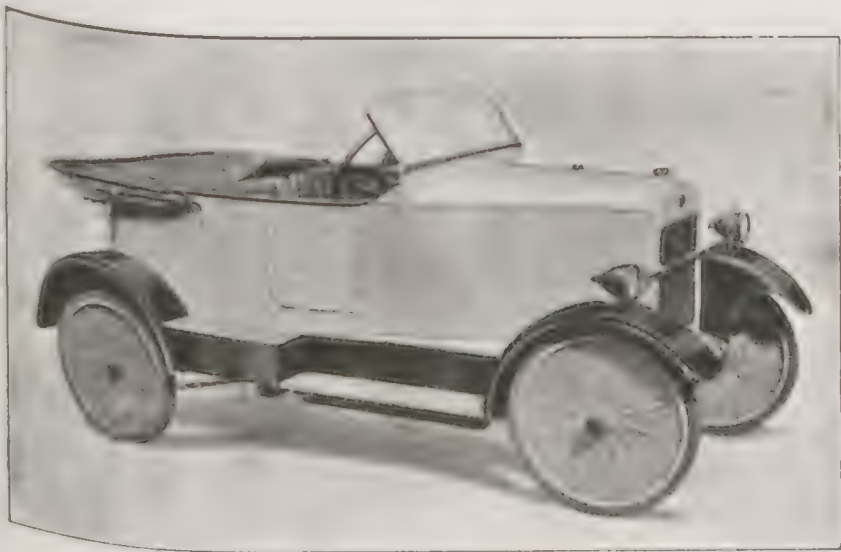
|                    | Min. | Sec.  | m.p.h. | Old Record.<br>m.p.h. |
|--------------------|------|-------|--------|-----------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ mile | 0    | 16    | 112.5  | 109.03                |
| Kilometre          | 0    | 20.04 | 111.62 | 107.60                |
| Mile               | 0    | 32.87 | 109.52 | 107.14                |
| 2 miles            | 1    | 6.24  | 106.69 | 100.90                |
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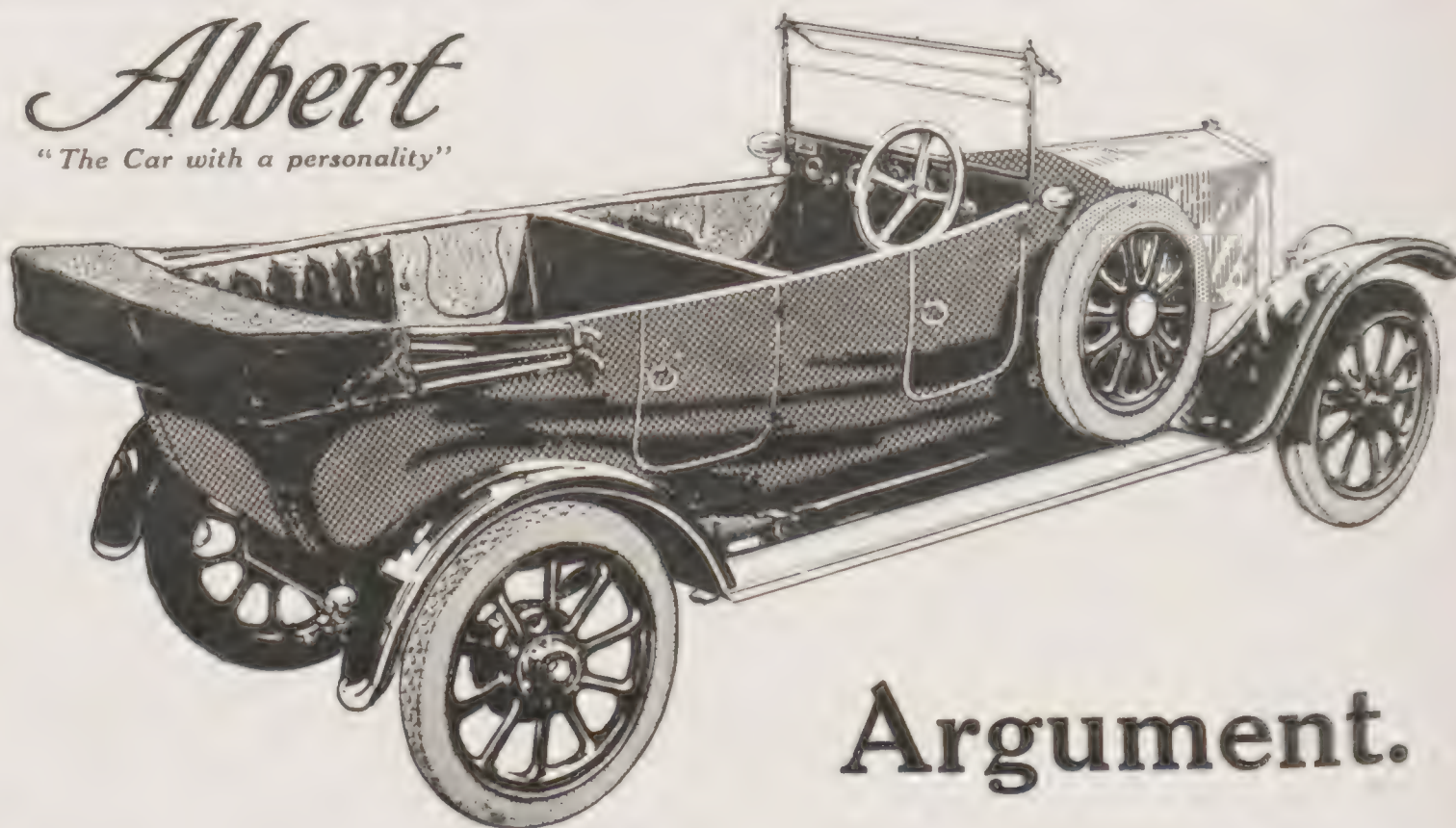
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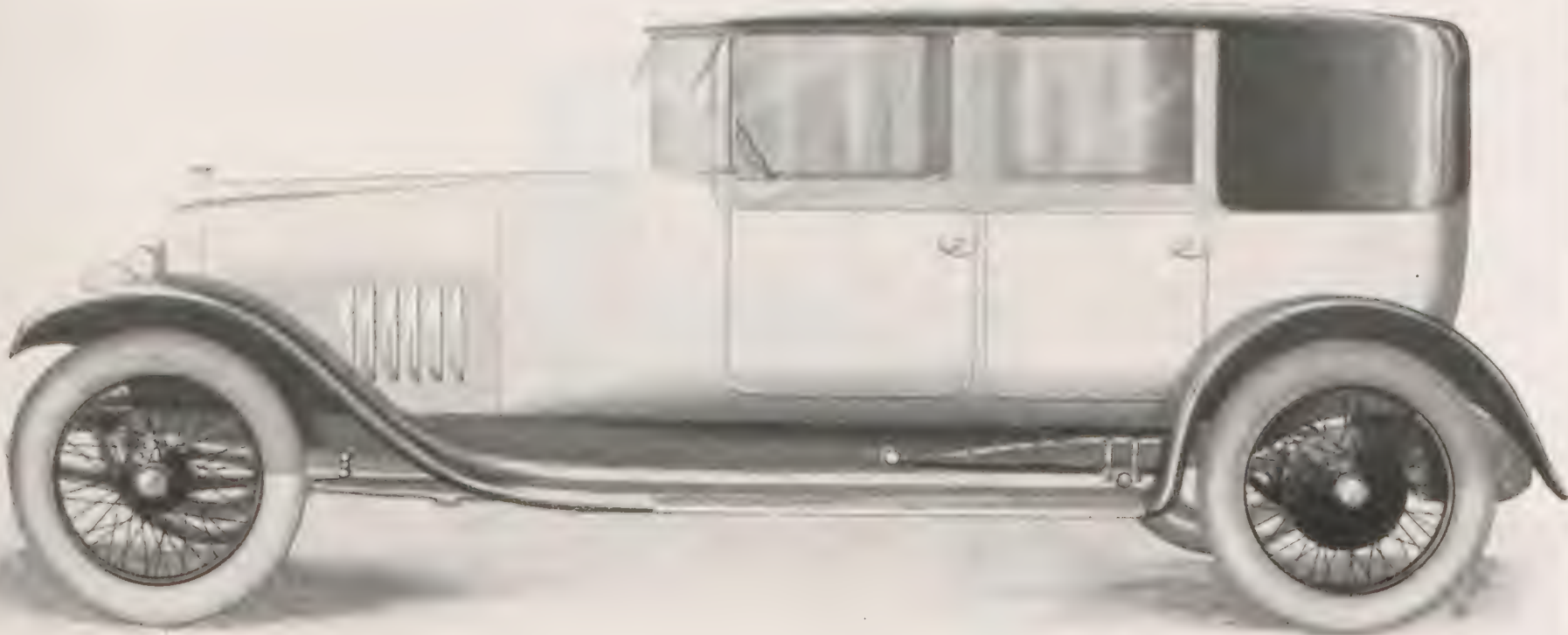
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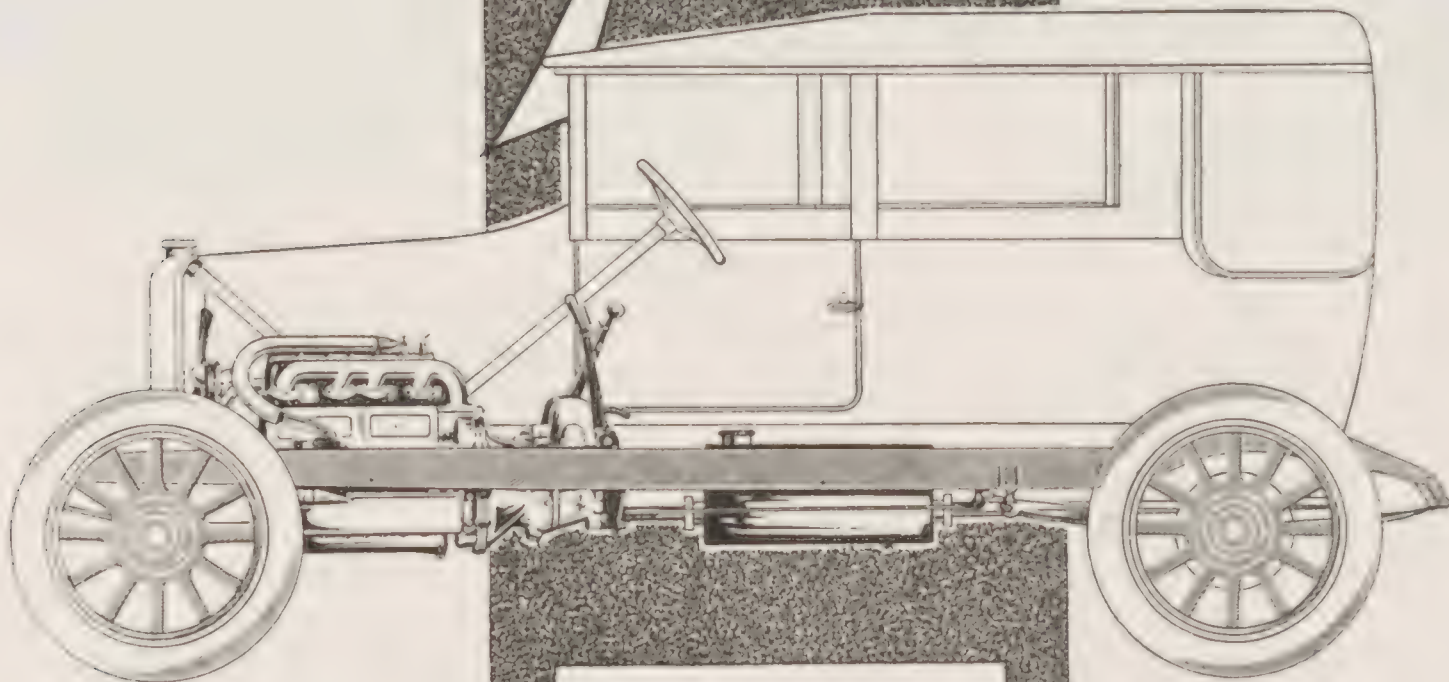
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A DISPASSIONATE DISCUSSION.

CONCERNING THE STYMIE.

By Charles Ambrose.

*"A player is laid a stymie if, on the putting green, the opponent's ball lies in the line of his putt to the hole, provided the balls be not within 6 inches of each other."*

WHEN you get two great nations, like America and Great Britain, arguing over the desirability of retaining or abolishing a little thing like a stymie, side issues and unnecessary "back answers" are almost inevitably brought into the discussion by unauthorised and tactless persons, with the result that the atmosphere becomes so heated that cool debate is impossible.

People forget they ever began by merely considering the stymie, personalities creep in, and we find ourselves wondering what has become of all the "gentlemen" and "sportsmen" we used to know, before we know where we are.

Now, I propose dispassionately to go into the merits of the question so far as they are known to me, to see whether there is no solution which might please everybody. The solution, if there is one, must be simple and it must be fair. In golf, as in politics, the average Britisher is extraordinarily easy going. For years and years he has gone on laying stymies and playing stymies, apologising profusely every time he lays his opponent a stymie, because it is a thing no gentleman does intentionally, cursing occasionally when he loses a match through no fault of his own—or of his opponent either, both being equally upset by an unsatisfactory finish to a good match, but on the whole placidly accepting what he is told are "rules of the green" as perhaps all for the best.

But are avoidable "rules of the green" all for the best? I think not, although I should be sorry to see the stymie done away with altogether, taking with it all occasion for the beautiful little strokes the successful negotiation of a fair stymie often calls for. It is the *unfair* stymie, laid unintentionally by a golfer who honestly dislikes profiting by a lucky fluke, that most of us would like to see cut out. The *fair* stymie, laid himself by a bad putt, no decent golfer wants to get

out of playing, and, bad putters being in an enormous majority, most of us are still likely to meet plenty of stymies in the remainder of our golfing careers if we eliminate all but those which result from our own bad putting.

If all this seems clear and fair to the reader, we might go on and try to devise some simple formula to play by, as for example: "*In match play, when both balls are on the putting green, a player thereafter laying himself a stymie shall be required to play it. But if his opponent lay him one, then he may give his opponent the option of lifting his ball or of playing first.*"

We would cut out the "six inch rule" complication altogether, arguing that a man who putts himself into such a position deserves what he gets.

We hear it adduced by the stymie sticklers that it is undesirable that the ball should be handled oftener than necessary, and if they think the interests of the game would be better served by making the layer of the stymie putt first, the point might be worth consideration. Either player, putting first, would help his opponent to judge the line to the hole.

But if we are not to be able to trust a player to replace his ball on the exact spot on the green from which he lifted it, then we shall begin to feel the need for a special criminal code at once, and with the introduction of special legislation for criminals the interests of decent people in the game might begin to diminish.

It is further urged that in the long run stymies, like cards, do work out pretty evenly; that is to say, that golfers generally give as many as they get, say, in the course of a year. But in any case two wrongs do not make a right, and it is precious poor consolation to the man who has lost his chance of winning the Amateur Championship through a cruel stymie, or succession of stymies, to reflect that in the next half-crown match he plays it will be his turn to lay the other man one!

Mrs. Macbeth, one of the most accomplished and delightful of lady

golfers, has twice running been knocked out of the Ladies' Championship by being laid undeserved stymies. Where is the fun in that?

The excellent news, however, has recently crossed the Atlantic that the Americans, having forsworn the stymie altogether, are now coming back to it. Why not meet them halfway with some proposal along the lines I have tried to indicate?

They are more likely to stick to our way of thinking and preserve the stymie, in its best form, from extinction if we remove all avoidable causes of irritation than if we do not.

The game is in no danger of becoming too dull through the removal of artificial "rules o' the green." Nature will continue to supply them in abundance.

We want a simple set of rules—as few as possible, as fair as possible—leaving the player as free as possible within the limits of what a "white man" may do and what he may not do. If our legislators would set to work on the assumption that they are expected to cater for white men only, it seems possible that the voluminous rules a golfer is expected to know nowadays (under pain of "disqualification") might be greatly reduced, to everybody's relief. Every club possesses a committee, usually quite capable of dealing with the man who is not spotlessly white.

In the next number I will deal with the "standardisation" question.

THE ART OF GREENKEEPING.

Greenkeepers in what the meteorological experts call the "South-Eastern corner of England" have had an extremely difficult time of it during the last 18 months.

The district, in particular, where the links at Sunningdale, Swinley Forest, Woking, Worplesdon and West Hill lie within a ten-mile circle, had practically no rain last year from February till the end of October.



## FIGHTING THE DROUGHT.

Day after day a blazing sun scorched the greens and fairways until there was not a tinge of green left anywhere except where the putting greens had been watered.

In November, summer heat suddenly changed to severe cold, without giving the grass any sort of chance of recovery, and effectually stopped growth. The rain-fall, when at long last it did come, was nothing like adequate, but intense frost continued to torture the crippled grass, and bitter northerly winds persisted until, in April of this year, we thought spring would never come. It never did come; but all of a sudden summer did, and the thermometer rushed up to 80° and remained there.

At first the grass did not know itself, and turned a grateful, verdant green. But then the old familiar scorch began to make itself felt, and now greenkeepers, with their hearts in their boots, are feverishly watering again for dear life.

They do not expect thunderstorms: in this district local storms almost always split and travel either up the river towards London, or along the ridge known as the Hog's Back, above Guildford, five miles away. All we get is the heat and the rumble of distant thunder and wind.

In these difficult circumstances it is, of course, advisable to water as much as possible—as much as the water company, the la-

bour market and the length of our purse will allow us to do; but it is not a good thing to pour tap-water, which is comparatively hard and cold, on to grass without using "fertiliser" as well.

There are many good brands of fertiliser on the market, or a good greenkeeper will know how to make

his own, taking leaf mould (which can be procured in quantities by clearing out ditches, etc., on most courses) as his basis.

The watering is best done after sundown, partly because the effect remains longer, and partly because "scorch," caused by burning sun on wet grass, is to be avoided.

But, if the watering must be done in the daytime, an application of dry leaf-mould, sifted to make a powder, will give excellent protection and will not seriously interfere with putting.

For the same reason greens should always be mown without the box on the machine. The mown grass helps to cover the bare patches, and protects any tender grass that may be struggling through.

But it is, generally speaking, a bad mistake to allow grass to grow long and get ragged, to give protection. It only gets fat and weak and rank in tufts, and the coarser grasses flourish at the expense of the finer.

"Sprinklers" are very useful as labour-saving devices, and a small cheap one, which sits close to the ground, supplied by Merryweather, is especially good because it throws a fine spray which does not disturb any seed or dressing with which hollows may be filled, and it is easily moved about; nor does it readily clog or go wrong like the larger, clumsier varieties.



Major H. D. Gillies, R.A.M.C., was in such fine form in 1914 that he started favourite for the Amateur Championship in that fateful year. The bit of luck, however, that most amateur champions need at some crisis or other in their perilous journey, did not turn up; and J. C. L. Jenkins, of Prestwick and Troon, it was who won, and so remained amateur champion throughout the war. Major Gillies is too busy to play much golf now; but occasionally, like a meteor, he swoops down upon Rye in a high-powered car and lifts a cup, as he did last spring, in his old irresistible fashion.



# THE HOUSING PROBLEM.



The Elizabethan mansion in its thousand acres has had to give place to the—shall we say Knightsbridge?—flat. The war has done that for us. And we are mighty sorry for ourselves. But what about the poor robin—identifiable without direction—who had to make do with a flower pot? Not to mention (on the right, above) the whitethroat, whose nest was found

in May among nettles and brambles. Uncomfortable, if secluded, surely. In the centre photograph is shown the result of being finnickty—a nasty, common brawl. Both great tits and tree sparrows, we are told, like to make their homes in tree-holes; but as to which is which—well, you can search us! Anyway, there's a man-size housing dispute in progress.



The Stores have delivered the March Tit's week-end grub-stock.

A Corncrake, less fortunate, haughtily awaits the Stores' delivery van.





# A MOTORIST'S BOOKSHELF.

By Aylmer Norris.

*Round About the World—The Motor Coach Routes—And some Novels.*

A MOTORING friend recently told me of his difficulty in taking with him when touring just those books which are worth while and yet are not "heavy" reading. He is a keen motorist and tourist; but he likes to use up by reading what leisure time there is, especially that hour or two after the car is garaged for the night, which comes before one wants to turn in.

A couple of novels have just come my way which I think will suit my readers. The first is by Mr. W. B. Maxwell, *Spinster of this Parish* (Butterworth, 7s. 6d.), and it is a stirring and admirably constructed story in the true Maxwell vein. It has irony, dramatic intensity, and gives that broad and urbane picture of contemporary life that the author has taught us to look for. Anthony Dyke, the explorer, is a well wrought and likeable type; and the tragedy which separates him legally from the woman he loves because of the existing wife, who is hopelessly insane, is handled skilfully and sympathetically. Dyke and Emmie Verinder make a fine pair, and their story, as unfolded by Mr. Maxwell, both men and women will enjoy, though for different reasons.

*Narcissus in the Way*, by Miss G. V. McFadden (John Lane, 8s. 6d.), is an excellent novel, the early scenes of which are laid in a stretch of country that one instinctively knows comes within the confines of Wessex though not so described. This story of the Napoleonic period in the early nineteenth century has plenty of incident and movement, though some readers may think that it is on a larger scale than the plot demands. The hero, Narcissus Romilly, a happy-go-lucky, careless and yet, as is so often the case, thoroughly lovable character, falls under a cloud. He is suspected of traitorous dealings with the French, and

it is chiefly with his wanderings in another part of the country, the girl he falls in love with, a villainous young surgeon, and a blackmailing servant belonging to his old home, that the book is concerned.

A good book for the quiet inn of the countryside when the day's run is finished.

## MOTOR COACH ROAD BOOKS.

Mr. Charles G. Harper, whose volumes upon the great roads have become almost classics, is now responsible for a series of handy little books, published by Messrs. Iliffe and Sons, Ltd., at 1s. each, devoted to Motor Coach Routes. The first two are London to Brighton, and London to Margate.

They give all the information in admirable form that the passer-by along these famous routes can need or desire, and the striking sketches with which they are illustrated add considerably to their value. The car owner will do well to get them.

## THE WIDE WORLD OVER.

In *My Joy Ride Round the World* (Mills and Boon, 8s. 6d.), Miss Dorothy Dix has given us a book of pleasant gossip, and sometimes of shrewd

observation. In her trip round the world in steamer, train, motor, boat, jinrickshaw, and on horseback, she takes us to many strange and interesting places, among others to the Hawaiian Islands, Java, Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines and India. And in her lively pages one gets a very good idea of the countries she visited and the people she met.

She gives a vivid description of an automobile ride eighteen miles up the side of Mauna Loa, Hawaii's greatest mountain. The fact that it is an active volcano did not seem to trouble Miss Dix. Her "little flivver is now panting like a one-lunger in Denver. . . . A few miles farther and the trees stand stark and black and dead." They have been killed by the poisonous breath of Pelée, the fire goddess . . . that blasts every living thing it touches."

A reading of the book will make modern mothers long for Japan. There are no disobedient or mischievous children there, and as yet the balefulness of the "flapper" is unknown. If she exists, she is "the most dainty and fascinating little creature on earth." And even a mother-of-pearl fence along a highroad is uninjured by the Japanese boy who passes by it!

## A ROMANCE OF FRANCE.

Mr. Hamilton Drummond knows how to write an interesting and vigorous story. In *Chattels* (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.) he gives us a tragic and moving picture of the French peasants in the fifteenth century. Although the period dealt with is remote from to-day it is not so in interest, for there are some stirring scenes, and the characters hold the reader because they are human beings and not merely historical puppets. It is not a book one easily lays down until finished.



Byworth, a picturesque Sussex village.



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A PROFITABLE MOTOR RUN.

# THE HOME OF COWPER.

By V. Cameron Turnbull.

*Olney, where the happiest days of a sequestered life were spent.*

**A**LTHOUGH so near London, North Bucks is, for the most part, as rural as many remoter parts of England. Herein lies its placid charm, and nowhere is this charm more potent than in the environs of Olney. A two hours' run from town brings one to a stretch of flat, lawn-like pastures through which the Bedford Ouse winds its lazy course, while the tall spire of Olney rises to the right. It all looks very much the same as it must have looked a hundred and fifty years ago; and when, two minutes later, you speed up the wide High Street, the air of antiquity is not dispelled. The houses are mostly unpretending little grey stone buildings, with tiled roofs and the delightfully individual street doors of the eighteenth century. Most fittingly is this the town of William Cowper. One almost expects to meet him, genial and ruddy, pacing the ancient pavements in his favourite colours of buff and green.

Cowper came to Olney, with Mrs. and Miss Unwin, in 1767, and lived there for nineteen years. He was at that date a pathetic figure. Gentle and helpless, amiable and pious, a votary of the Evangelical Revival then stirring the sluggish waters of the Church. He presented the greatest conceivable contrast to the "Squire Weston" country gentleman of that day. Yet Heaven knows the poor soul had been through dark waters. He had attempted suicide; he had been confined in a madhouse; he had believed himself eternally lost. In Olney, however, he was to know the happiest days of his innocent, sequestered life. Much of this happiness he owed to one of his companions. Cowper was of those who throughout life need "mothering"—are not his lines on "My Mother's Picture" among the most touching in the language?—and in Mrs. Unwin, mother of his dearest

friend, he had found a veritable guardian angel.

Where in Olney did these newcomers take up their abode? In the marketplace, to the east of High Street, their house, with its three storeys of red brick and stone facings, is quickly recognised. The labours of Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney's modern man of letters and Cowper's biographer, have converted the poet's dwelling into a national shrine. Like the houses of Carlyle and Wordsworth, the home of shy William Cowper is now open to all the world. One enters and signs the visitors' book, one gazes round the little hall and penetrates into the parlour, where *The Task* was written, on the same floor. Countless

editions of the poet's works are here, some of great value, and MSS. in his beautiful handwriting. But somehow it is not at these things that one looks longest. The "port-hole" through which his pet hares were admitted to amuse him with their evening gambols, the sofa which he immortalised, speak more appealingly of this most lovable of men. Was not this parlour the scene of poetry's most intimate picture of fireside happiness?

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column,  
and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate,  
wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in."

The shutters are still there, though they are no longer closed. In the hall is another shutter, a sadder relic. It comes from Cowper's later home, Weston Lodge, and on it is pencilled in the poet's own handwriting this mournful legend:—

"Farewell, dear scenes for ever closed to me!  
Oh, for what sorrows must I now exchange ye."

But the associations of Orchard Side, as the Olney home was called in Cowper's day, are mainly cheerful. Upstairs the rooms are called after the poet's most intimate friends, and are stored with mementoes of his little circle. But "the Lady Hesketh Room," "the Lady Austen Room," "the John Newton Room," "the William Bull Room," and "the William Unwin Room," are collectively of less interest than the rooms of Mrs. Unwin and Cowper. It is almost with a sense of sacrilege



*BUCKS, it may astonish many people to learn, is by way of being a literary county. Shakespeare is alleged to have written "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Grendon Underwood. The door of the church in that village is illustrated.*



that one comes on Mrs. Unwin's spectacles, her bobbin-winder, and her workbox. Here, too is the MS. of "To Mary," which immortalises these things and crowns Cowper as a master of pathos.

He was also, this astonishing man, a born humorist. To pass from Mrs. Unwin's room to his own is to quit the tenderest pathos for sheer frolic. Here Cowper wrote *John Gilpin*, and the room is sacred to that masterpiece. Various editions, including Cruikshank's, are displayed, and the "linendraper bold" figures in the china ornaments on the mantelshelf and in the pictures hung round the room.

After the house the garden. One reaches it *via* the yard where Cowper found the snake, as described in "The Colubriad." To this most domestic of poets the little flat garden with its pretty Rose Walk was no less dear than his house. "The very stones in the wall are my intimate acquaintances," he wrote. Here he fed his pigeons, tended his flowers, and doubtless shaped, among many other things, Book III. ("The Garden") of *The Task*.

The Rose Walk brings us to a shed containing Cowper's pew in the now restored parish church. Near this shed a door in the wall opens into another little garden, also the property of the poet, and recently acquired by the Trustees. Classic ground! Here stands that "Summer House not much bigger than a sedan chair," in which poems not a few, and many of the most perfect letters in the world, were written. A trap-door in the floor conceals a little hole in which the Rev. William Bull (*carissime taurorum*), a fortnightly visitor from Newport Pagnell, kept his pipes. An eighteenth century pipe is there to this day.

Beyond this second garden lies an orchard; beyond this is the Vicarage, and on the far side of the Vicarage stands the church. Through the orchard, on his way to Orchard Side, came many times the Rev. John Newton, Curate-in-Charge of Olney. Newton was a surprising person. He had been a "pressed" sailor, a midshipman (publicly whipped for insubordination), and a slave-dealer. He was now an eloquent divine, filling his church till galleries had to be built. He collaborated with Cowper in "The Olney Hymns," of



A typical Bucks cottage. The lover of well-preserved "black-and-white" architecture and cosy thatched roofs will find many treasures in the county.

which he wrote many now forgotten and one unforgotten, "How Sweet the Name." Perhaps this tough and jovial parson was not too judicious in his handling of the delicately-poised Cowper, but his kindness to the poet was unstinted. Once, during mental *malaise*, he housed him for seventeen months! Newton's study at the Vicarage, with its inscribed hearth, is still shown to visitors, and his grave lies in the south-east corner of the churchyard.

The motorist with an hour or two to spare should procure the local guidebook, *Olney and its Associations*, and leave the town by Weston Road. A minute's run brings him to the top of a gentle slope. From here, as from a balcony, one overlooks the loveliest scene in North Bucks.



March Gibbon, a picturesque old-world Bucks village, which it is not difficult to associate with the Shakespearean era, if not with the Bard himself.

"Here Ouse, slow winding through  
a level plain  
Of spacious meads with cattle  
sprinkled o'er,  
Conducts the eye along his  
sinuous course,  
Delighted."

In his landscapes, painted with "his eye on the subject," Cowper, "the Cuy of North Buckinghamshire," was ousting the outworn artificialities of the "Augustan School," and collaborating with Burns in the re-creation of British poetry. Surely no mean achievement! Belittlers of Cowper ignore literary history. We have no more original poet than this pale morning star of that great new day in English poetry, of which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley were the composite and splendid sun.

The visitor should leave his car at this point and foot his way across the allotments on the right. One need not follow him farther into the Cowper Country. To do so would require a second article. The guidebook furnishes an excellent itinerary, with illuminating quotations. It is a compact area, compactly described, most of it illustrating the first few pages of *The Task*. Entering the delightful demesne of "Mr. and Mrs. Frog," as Cowper called his friends, Sir John and Lady Throckmorton, of Weston Underwood, one treads enchanted ground. In this charming little park, with its avenues of lime and chestnut, its alcove and its "wilderness," Cowper's rural yet urbane muse ran gentle riot, scattering song on all sides.

Reluctantly leaving these haunted shades, one rejoins one's car in the village of Weston Underwood, outside the pretty "Lodge" to which Cowper and Mrs. Unwin removed in 1780. The house contains no relics and is not "on view." Here Cowper finished his blank verse translation of Homer, and wrote the undying "To Mary." The rest of his history is intolerably sad. Decay, mental and physical, descended on the two old friends. In 1795 they moved to East Dereham, and here Mrs. Unwin died in the following year. Cowper, who never afterwards mentioned her name, followed her in 1800. His grave is in East Dereham Church. Peace to his troubled and blameless spirit.



THE CLAIMS OF THE LARGE CAR.

WHAT IS AN OWNER-DRIVER'S CAR?

*A Test of the Cadillac, and some "Motor-Owner" Deductions.*

SIZE and power are not the all-important factors in deciding whether a car may or may not be regarded as suitable for the owner-driver who does not employ a chauffeur. It is customary, but entirely erroneous, to suppose that the owner-driver's car must be within a certain, although somewhat elastic, power limit. Some people consider the 11.9 h.p. vehicle the ideal car for the purpose; others put the maximum at 15.9 or even 20.1 h.p., but seldom does one hear an opinion in favour of the really powerful car from this point of view.

This general impression is unfortunate. It imposes limitations upon both prospective seller and prospective buyer. The former is already labouring under sufficient difficulties without the addition of another of absolutely fictitious basis; while the latter, really requiring a powerful engine and roomy body for his particular purpose, is limited in his enjoyment of the pastime by being compelled to make do with a smaller vehicle.

It must not be thought that we are in any way depreciating the small car or its performance. Its present-day perfection is one of the marvels of the post-war period; its capabilities are entirely adequate for the average requirements of the average man. At the same time, owner-drivership need not be limited to a two-seater or an incommodious four-seater. A would-be owner-driver may have a normal motoring party of six or seven people; or he may, with only three people besides himself, have ambitious touring projects necessitating the transport, normally, of an abnormal quantity of luggage. The alternative, in the latter case, is of course semi-dependence upon the

railway—which is against the whole spirit of motoring, one of the principal charms of which is its entire self-dependence.

In such a case, therefore, there is no need to emphasise the claims of the large car. It is a necessity; and with it—in certain instances—there is no need to take a chauffeur, or, for that matter, to employ one at all.

Presupposing a certain amount of mechanical knowledge and plenty of enthusiasm, we say definitely that owner-drivership is not subject to a power-limit. But the car must be suitable, and, needless to say, all high-powered cars are not.

With this idea in view, however, we recently conducted a trial of the 1922 eight-cylinder Cadillac, the result of which was to confirm us in our opinion. In this make suitability for the owner-driver goes beyond mere ease of driving and general maintenance; in fact, the completeness of the Cadillac is such that by comparison the equipment of many a much more highly-priced

car is made to look somewhat inadequate.

What are the "jobs" that, though necessary, are obnoxious to the most enthusiastic owner-driver there is? Enthusiasm is proof against the collection of mere dirt during a morning spent deliberately in looking over the car at home, but even in this respect the Cadillac is so designed that the necessary operations, such as greasing, and the various adjustments can be carried out cleanly, comfortably and expeditiously. It is involuntary stops on the road that are objectionable; objectionable in any case, but most of all when the work entailed involves fatigue, and, more or less automatically the soiling of one's hands and clothes. Tyre troubles are the most prolific causes of profanity. Cadillac tyres will puncture and burst just as will any other tyres, although the great five-inch covers used look proof against all minor ills and certainly aid the fine suspension to give splendidly comfortable riding.

The usual provision for an easy change is made, and in addition the Cadillac design includes an engine-operated tyre pump. That this is an almost essential fitting on any heavy car using large tyres is rather aside from the question. It is not fitted on the majority of even the most luxurious vehicles—the Cadillac, in fact, is one of the very few cars so equipped.

There are other items which, although of quite minor importance, are nevertheless among "the little things that matter" where extreme comfort—which one has a right to expect in any car costing £1,000 or more—is concerned. First, the lighting of a cigarette by the driver is sometimes a



*The Cadillac amid the orchards of the Thames Valley.*



## THE CADILLAC, IN THE WORDS OF THE HOUSE

matter of difficulty without stopping the car. On the Cadillac dashboard an electric lighter is a standard fitting immediately at the driver's right hand. Out of use, it is inconspicuous; in use it is merely pulled out on the end of a long flex. The act of pulling out the flex automatically switches on; and when a light has been obtained, the cord re-winds itself on an invisible spring-mounted drum and switches off again.

The second item is the particular type of driving mirror fitted—again as a standard part of the equipment. This is a long, narrow rectangle, giving a wide angle of vision; it is mounted on top of the windscreen where the whole of the road behind can be watched, instead of the usual small section, and where, with the hood up, a view can be obtained through the rear window without "rubbering" and the risk of neck dislocation. The third item, being a less uncommon fitting, especially on American cars, needs less comment. It is that most essential gadget, a windscreen cleaner. We are just a little surprised that the makers have been content with a hand operated squeegee—an automatic vacuum type, although doubtless costing considerably more, seems more in keeping with Cadillac ideals.

In regard to the actual running of the car, we gained a curious impression which even now we are not able to account for satisfactorily. We have ever had the highest possible opinion of the Cadillac, having accomplished many thousands of miles of running in Austria, Germany, France, Ireland and Scotland, as well as in England in pre-war years. Consequently, we approached the trial demanding, perhaps, something unobtainably superlative in the way of performance. We found that it was a very nice car to drive—just that. It seemed to have nothing particular behind it, but we said to ourselves that the traffic, after all, had not given the car a chance and we would reserve our opinion until later. We then tackled the short, sharp hills in the narrow lanes on the Bucks, Berks and Oxfordshire borders. The car kept to its thirty-miles an hour gait up hill and down dale without conscious action on the part of the driver, still without what one might term boastfulness. This modesty of behaviour rather opened our eyes, as a matter of fact, but we still did not think there was the slightest likelihood of climbing Dashwood hill on top speed—which was the particular aim of our trial.



THE Cadillac is full of gadgets which, but for their absence, they are there. On the dashboard the driver can see the centre the cleanliness of the cylindered engine is shown the excellent provision for the small white disc is a lamp to ture the general neatness of and the rear-view mirror.



IS "COMPLETE WITH ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES."



We approached the lower slopes of the hill at 55 miles an hour, to give the car every chance. The white ribbon unwound beneath our wheels, with the needle still somewhere about the fifty mark until we reached the last and steepest portion, when it very gradually fell back. As we topped the summit, the speed was still a matter of a mile or maybe two in excess of forty miles an hour. The performance was absolutely startling, for we had not dreamt that we should be able to climb the hill on top at all; and if, by a stretch of the imagination we had thought that, by what is normally bad driving, we should be able just to labour up, we should have expected to slip the clutch to give the engine the little necessary zip for the last piece of collar work.

Anyway, our opinion of the Cadillac was completely reversed by this performance. It is a very nice car to drive; but it "has got it there" all the same. It will run like a specially tuned hill-climber on occasion, and on the other hand will slip modestly through the traffic of Piccadilly with a minimum of effort, mental or physical, on the part of the driver.

In the ordinary way of running, its virtues are of a negative order, and therefore unobtrusive. It does not, in the high-pitched voice of an indirect gear, "broadcast" its wonderful powers of acceleration; it does not pant and strain at the collar to show how full it is of eager life and the desire to please. It does not demand of the driver that he shall realise its speediness by the very necessity for straining every nerve to get the last ounce out of the engine and to "hold her on the road." The speediness, the acceleration, the responsiveness are all there, however; but the Cadillac demands only that one shall sit comfortably and take the air. It exercises its power and its attributes generally seemingly from instinct rather than under human compulsion, so that the driver also performs the hundred-and-one necessary operations subconsciously and instinctively, thus leaving seven-eighths of his mind free for enjoyment.

The Cadillac is, indeed, an ideal owner-driver's car. But it is rather more than that—it is an ideal car for the owner who cannot or does not care to keep more than one car. No single car can be absolutely ideal in all the varied purposes for which an automobile is used nowadays; it is bound to be a matter of compromise to some extent.

with all those little  
to matter much when  
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passenger comfort. The  
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control arrangements  
light, tyre-inflation



# ANDROMEDA UP TO DATE

*And a Startling Story of the Apotheosis of a Tin of Bully.*

*By Violet M. Methley.*

FROM out the rank greenness of the forest came the sinister cadences of native music, punctuated by the dull throb of tom-toms, pierced now and then by the tragi-comical screech of a conch-shell. The authentic voice of the island itself was in that music, savage and relentless.

Beyond the forest's shadow the sun blazed down, so that the coral sand and the vividly blue sea glittered as though sprinkled with diamonds.

The music grew louder, and from the fringe of trees a procession emerged and passed slowly along the beach, like a moving frieze from some barbaric temple.

First paced the musicians, then the witch-doctors, monstrous figures in masks five feet high, painted scarlet and orange and green, garnished with shark's teeth and feathers, twisted and obscene and hideous. Last of all, between ranks of naked spearmen, who glistened with coconut oil, came the Girl.

She was as naked and as beautifully shaped as one of the bronze statues of Herculaneum, wearing only a girdle of grass, dyed red and blue, and a wreath of scarlet hibiscus, twisted in her frizzed hair.

Apart from the perfection of her shape, her face might not have been uncomely at ordinary times; now it was contorted into a frozen mask of terror, and her hands, tied together behind her back with a twist of bark, twitched convulsively.

Yet she made no attempt to run away, to escape from her guards, as the procession passed along the beach towards a jutting point of rock which thrust itself out into the lagoon, and towards the entrance in the reef, a few hundred yards away.

At the extreme end of the little

peninsula was a flat ledge, now just above water level. At high tide it would be covered to a depth of two or three feet—and the tide was rising now.

Whilst the musicians lined up upon the beach, groaning and thudding out their evil, intoxicating rhythm, four of the masked witch-doctors led the girl along the rocks to the ledge. It was now that, for the first time, she made a sound. She began to scream—hoarsely, hopelessly, the screams of a trapped animal; her eyes, wide and bloodshot, stared down into the clear water below the ledge as she was dragged along.

So close to the ledge's rim that her toes clung to the edge, the witch-doctors bound the girl to a rock, her hands above her head. She crushed her soft body back against the stone convulsively, but her screams ceased as the men turned and left her, passing back to the beach, where they sat down—and waited.

And the girl waited—as Andromeda waited for the monster.

He came, ghost-like at first in the deep water, a grey shape, huge and ominous. The girl saw, and her blood-shot eyes widened with horror, starting from her head.

Nearer and nearer came the shape until it was only a few yards away. There was a gleam of white through the pellucid water as it turned, belly upwards, so close to the surface that the appalling rows of teeth could be seen.

But the tide had not risen quite enough. The ledge on which the girl stood was as yet too high above the water for the sea monster to reach her easily.

They waited—the girl on the ledge, the savages on the sun-baked beach, the great beast in the sea. And it seemed as though sky and sea and land waited too, breathless in the blazing sunlight.

Slowly, slowly the ripples rose, lapping, creeping; the girl's feet were covered now, the water crawled upwards to her ankles. She gave a little choking gasp, for there, close at hand, the monster appeared once more, moving slowly and deliberately. She beat her feet frantically against the ledge, splashing

up foam, and the creature vanished.

But not for long. Soon he was back again, and she pressed back her moist, writhing body against the sharp rocks, whilst a pitiful low moaning escaped incessantly from her dry lips.



"Between the ranks of naked spearmen came the Girl..."



A FIGHT 'TWINX THE GODS.

She was deaf, blind, utterly regardless of anything else in heaven or earth except that grey shape which moved beneath the sea's surface, sometimes so slowly, sometimes with such lightning swiftness. She heard nothing of a low, buzzing roar which came from somewhere overhead and grew louder and louder.

But the savages on the beach had heard, and seen. First they sprang up and stood pointing towards the sky; now they had fallen upon their knees, hiding their faces in awe and dread.

For in the sky itself a mighty portent had appeared—a huge shape, huger than any albatross, silver-bodied, golden-winged, glistening and increasing in the sunlight, roaring as it came on with a mighty and threatening voice—the voice of a very powerful god.

Meanwhile Flight-Lieutenant Jones, as he flew lower and lower, was busily engaged in making out the lie of the land and of the sea.

"It's a jolly old coral island, just like Ballantyne's book," he decided. "Reef all round and lagoon and opening—all complete. And, by gad, there are some Man Fridays too, or cannibals or something—I can see 'em on the beach. . . . Let's go a bit lower and reconnoitre."

He did so, until the girl's bound shape was plainly visible, golden-brown against the silver-white of the coral rocks. From above, too, it was possible to see deep down into the sea—to make out that grey, looming shape, passing to and fro very close to the ledge now, drawing nearer to it each moment, playing with its prey in cat-and-mouse fashion.

The brain of Flight-Lieutenant Jones was no more alert than that of many millions of his fellows, but the sea of the tropics is easier to see through than a brick wall—and what he saw made him think and act furiously.

He swooped downwards in a nose-dive which would have been extremely risky for a worse pilot and was moderately risky for Flight-Lieutenant Jones. Then he flattened out, and peered over the edge of the cockpit again.

The grey, obscene shape was very close to the surface, and very close to the ledge, and to those clinging brown feet—that shrinking brown shape. The young man could see the ex-



pression on the girl's face quite plainly now, and it wasn't a nice thing to see. . . .

Flight-Lieutenant Jones swore aloud and longed vainly for a machine gun and a revolver—both left behind in the limbo of war.

He had not a single weapon in the aeroplane, nothing with which to take the offensive—and he knew very well that, at any moment, the monster might make its final dart. He searched desperately in the crannies and cubby holes of the cockpit . . . and his eye fell upon a metal object, about eight inches long by four across.

He clutched it in a second.

"Pretty hefty!" he decided. "And from a height like this—here goes, and more power to my aim!"



"He leant far over the edge of the aeroplane and hurled his bomb."

He leant out, far over the edge of the aeroplane, and hurled his bomb; it fell, like a thunderbolt, and struck the sea monster full and square, just where the hideous mouth grinned evilly.

There was a furious lashing of the water—waves and ripples and eddying circles spread out, widening and widening, and all alike were edged and splashed with red. Presently, the lashing ceased and a monstrous shape rose towards the surface and floated, belly upwards. . . .

Circling to and fro, Flight-Lieutenant Jones had waited for this moment of certainty.

Now that he knew the shark was out of action, he turned the nose of his aeroplane and flew away, as conscious as any Boy Scout of having kept the motto: "No day without a deed to crown it!"

With absorbed and reverent attention, the natives on the shore had watched this conflict between two Deities; now that the monster of the deep was defeated, they proceeded to paddle out, finish him off, and tow in his body, with excellent common sense and a view to future consumption.

\* \* \*

Andromeda was duly released, and treated with becoming reverence, as one whom supernatural powers had intervened to save from death. As a matter of fact, she became the principal wife of the principal chief of the island, and gave herself airs accordingly.

As for the magical weapon, dropped by the God from the Car, it was dived for, and brought to the surface. The savages surveyed the wondrous thing solemnly—its shining metal surface, bright here and there with gaudy, brilliant colours. It was burst and empty: doubtless its contents had been very magical and potent, but there was no medicine-man on the island wise enough to say what those contents had been.

It was Tabu. A shrine was made for it at the foot of a very sacred tree, a shrine adorned with feathers and flowers and scraps of coloured rags and shells of bright hues; fish and fruit were offered to propitiate the wondrous thing; men and maidens, drunk with palm-wine, danced around it. . . .

It was a wonderful apotheosis for a Seven-Pound Tin of Bully.



## ESTATES FOR MOTOR-OWNERS.

*Deferring to an oft-repeated request we have recently, as our readers will have noticed, given special attention in the advertisement columns to important and interesting estates on the market, and to prominent estate agents who have those and other attractive properties at their command. It is our further intention in future to devote another page in the body of the magazine to points of general interest in the Estate World.*

**B**AYNARDS PARK, the splendid Estate lying amid the beautifully wooded country between Guildford and Horsham, and forming one of the best game preserves in the county, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Mabbett and Edge, of Mount Street, for disposal. History associates Baynards with many famous names, the record dating back to Saxon times.

"Baynards" was so called from William Baynards, who also erected Baynards Castle, London, and who came over with William the Conqueror. Before this it formed part of the large and extensive Royal demesne, called "Essire" or "Gomselle," which prior to the Conquest belonged to King Harold, as is mentioned in the General Survey made at that time. It ceased for a time to be Royal property during the reign of King Stephen, who gave it to his son, William de Blois, Earl of Moreton, who married Isabel de Warrenne, daughter of the Earl of Surrey. In 1204 the Manor of "Gomselle" was given by King John to William de Braose, who paid the King in return a fine of £1,000. From the year 1258 it was held by John Fitz Geoffrey, Richard Earl of Ulster, and others until the year 1443, when it was held by William Sydney (ancestor of the Sydneys of Penshurst), who died at "Baynards" in 1449 and was interred in Cranley Churchyard. In the time of Henry VII, Sir Reginald Bray held the property, and it was subsequently given by him to his nephew, Edmund Bray. After several intermediate ownerships it became the property of the Thurlow family in the year 1833, from whom it was purchased by a late owner.

Messrs. Battam and Heywood of Davies Street, W.1, state that they have just sold privately the important residential and agricultural estate "Southend," Upton-on-Severn, extending to about 180 acres. This property, which brought a large number of inquiries, was to be submitted to

auction, but was disposed of a fortnight before the date fixed for the sale.

"Anningsley Park," the very picturesque residence and sporting estate, lying between Woking and Chertsey and adjoining the New Zealand Golf Course, is shortly to be offered by auction by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. This is a very attractive old place, offering perfect seclusion and possesses some historical interest, as it was here that Thomas Day resided when he wrote "Sandford and Merton." The property is about 155 acres in extent and includes a most picturesque park and beautiful woodlands.

Failing a sale privately, Messrs. Hampton and Sons are also offering in July the "Starborough Manor" estate, near Edenbridge. This is a fine old house with rich pasture lands of about 394 acres, and includes the stud farm where for many years a well-known Hackney stud was carried on.

The same agents report the sale privately of "Douglas Grange," Madehurst, on the south slope of the Downs between Arundel and Goodwood. The house has been greatly improved within recent years and occupies a charming position in its grounds and lands of about 70 acres.

"Mill House," at Holmwood Common, has also been sold privately by this firm. This is an excellent modern house, with delightful pleasure grounds on which an enormous expenditure has been made within recent years.

Several substantial privately-effected transactions in residential property are reported by Messrs. Maple and Co. Since withdrawal from auction they have placed "Gatewick," with 2½ acres, at Esher; and "Lindum," with 2 acres, at Beckenham. The last was in conjunction with Messrs. Baxter, Payne and Lepper. The "Chilterns," Weybridge, has also passed through their hands, and, in anticipation of the dates fixed for auction, they have found purchasers for "Carlton House," with half an acre, at Hatch End, Middlesex; for "Rotchfords," with 277½ acres, near Colchester; and

for "Nascot Lodge," with just under an acre, at Watford. "Rotchfords," it should be added, is a picturesque Elizabethan manor house, surrounded by a wide moat. The red-brick chimney stacks are quite typical of the fifteenth century.

Messrs. Harrods' auctions for July include a delightful modern freehold residence in Bucks known as "Brook House," Wooburn, the property of Mr. F. J. Thomas, standing in about 10 acres of beautiful pleasure grounds. Also "Bowden," Lacock, Wilts, an attractive residence and small farmery, in all about 190 acres, which is to be offered at Chippenham during the month, and many others in Kent, Buckinghamshire, Surrey and Berkshire.

As regards sales this year, of their auctions Messrs. Harrods report over 50 per cent. sold, and among these may be mentioned Edward Teschmacher's residence referred to in these columns last month, and Mr. E. C. P. Hull's beautiful property at Redhill.

Other private sales are "Snelsmore House," Newbury, an important residential property; "Merrowcroft," Guildford, the residence of the Right Hon. H. Pike Pease, M.P., and Sir Felix Semon's property situate in a charming part of Buckinghamshire.

During the month Messrs. Norfolk and Prior have experienced great activities and have been able to dispose of many important properties. Among them is the estate of "Aswardby Hall," Lincolnshire, in which they were acting in conjunction with Messrs. Simons, Ingamells and Young. Hunting, rough shooting, and trout-fishing are all available and an excellent golf course is in the vicinity.

The mansion, dating back to the Queen Anne period, is replete with every present convenience, and the estate comprises about 287 acres of park, outbuildings, home farm, cottages, etc., and is intersected by a trout stream named after the poet Tennyson, whose birthplace is in this area.



# 10,010 Miles

in

## 23 Days

R.A.C. Reliability Trial



**S**INCE the early days of motoring the long distance trials held under the control of the Royal Automobile Club have placed the Hall Mark upon the quality of a motor car.

An 18 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley 6 cylinder Open Touring Car—travelling 450 miles each night and day (Sundays excepted) has just completed in 23 days an R.A.C. Road Trial of 10,010 miles—equivalent to more than a year's average mileage—with the following results:—

FUEL CONSUMPTION— 24.64 m.p.g.

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THE TOTAL TIME OCCUPIED IN REPLACEMENTS AND ADJUSTMENTS WAS UNDER 2 HOURS.

A COPY OF THE R.A.C. CERTIFICATE WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST.

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8 h.p.

THE  
INVINCIBLE  
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**£350**

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IN THE SCOTTISH 6 DAYS TRIAL

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8 h.p. TALBOT

WAS AWARDED

THE GOLD MEDAL IN ITS CLASS

(FOR CARS PRICED FROM £325 £420)

THE **2** CARS, ABSOLUTELY STANDARD, ENTERED WERE



**1<sup>ST</sup> & 2<sup>ND</sup> ON ALL HILLS**

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**1<sup>ST</sup> & 2<sup>ND</sup> IN SPEED TEST**

PETROL  
CONSUMPTION

**40·5** MILES PER GALLON FOR  
1020 MILES OF HEAVY GRADIENTS  
AND VERY BAD SURFACES.

"The little 8 h.p. Talbots created greatest interest."—*The Motor*.  
"These Scottish hills want seeing to be believed."  
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## PETROL PRICE FACTORS.

*Reasons Why there is Little Immediate Prospect of a Reduction.*

PETROL prices, which are a never-failing topic of interest to all motorists, have again been in the limelight as the result of an offer, prominently advertised, to supply British motorists with spirit in bulk lots at a reduced rate. As many motorists will have noticed—and some unfortunately to their cost—a certain “Howard F. Elbridge,” who professed to be London representative of the “Texas Cities Oil Refining Company,” advertised an “Unprecedented Offer of Motor Spirit” at the price of 1s. 8d. per gallon in bulk, or 1s. 9d. per gallon in tins, the “Gold Cans with the White Cross.” Deliveries were to commence on March 14th, and the distributor was to have seven days’ grace in order that all the sales would not have to be delivered on the same day. The conditions of the offer were that not less than 1,000 gallons in tins, or 1,200 gallons in bulk, would be supplied monthly, while the buyer was required to send 50 per cent. of the amount due on the first order in advance.

This offer looked quite convincing, but the sequel to the advertisement was the departure of Mr. Elbridge with the money he had collected from his handsomely furnished office in the West End of London, about the time the days of grace expired.

The moral from this incident is not hard to find, whether the scheme was a complete swindle from first to last, or whether in the first instance it was a speculation which went wrong from a jobber’s inability to get delivery. It is a fact that however well intentioned a speculative jobber may be, the market conditions in the United States of America (from which country the bulk of our petrol supplies still come) makes it impossible for him to get regular supplies. Furthermore, his well-meant activities help to increase the price of the very product he hopes to supply more cheaply.

The explanation of this paradox lies in the present position of the oil

refining industry in the United States. Although in that country there are a great number of refineries, actually, apart from the well-known big companies who have their own pipe-line connections to the seaboard, there are exactly five possible loading points for the export of oil or its products in bulk. The companies controlling the two most important of these do not handle oil through brokers, two of the others are understood to be linked up with special exporting companies, and the fifth is so small as to be practically a negligible factor.

Conditions in the oil industry in the United States during the past winter have been such that numerous small independent refiners have been unable to maintain their solvency. In the meantime the great companies, anticipating a material revival of demand in the coming motoring season, have been adding steadily to their stocks of gasoline, so that there is an actual shortage so far as the independent dealer is concerned. To quote from the authoritative trade publication of the chief producing area in the United States—the *Oil and Gas Journal*: “There seems to be no doubt that gasoline prices are going to be stiffer than in several years. There are practically no motor fuel stocks on hand in independent tanks in this territory. Consequently the volume of gasoline which will be available to meet the requirements of independent jobbers will be exceedingly small.”

Where the jobbing broker in London does unintentional disservice to the British motorist is through sending broadcast to independent refiners in the United States enquiries for petrol from which, naturally, he keeps back the name of his principal. When, as often happens, several London jobbers send out these enquiries for the same principal, the effect is accentuated. Each of these enquiries appears to the refiner as a separate order.

As a result of this apparent demand,

the refiner promptly stiffens his price to the exporting companies, who have no recourse but to pass on the increase to the British importer, and the natural result is that the British motorist suffers.

To a certain extent the British motorist is himself responsible for the present level of petrol prices, owing to his insistence on spirit of a very much higher grade than that used in the United States of America. Naturally there is only a limited quantity of this higher class spirit available, and British importers pay a considerably higher price for it than would be asked for the poorer quality.

In considering the price of petrol in this country there are a number of other factors which enter into account. Every drop of petrol must be brought to our shores, necessitating a heavy capital outlay for oil tank vessels and for the large storage installations at the ports. Unlike the United States of America, which has networks of oil pipe-lines, in this country practically all petrol must be conveyed either by rail tank waggon or by road tank cars, while the bulk of the supply is finally delivered in tins to the consumer. In fixing the price, this must naturally provide for nation-wide distribution, since motorists in this country expect to pay no more for their petrol in the least accessible point in Cornwall than they pay in London.

From these facts it will be seen how all-important for this country is the development of other sources of petrol supply than the United States of America. At the same time, they show to what a degree this country is still affected by the big American oil interests. With the expectation of a greatly increased demand in the United States during the coming summer, there is a real danger that supplies for export may be still further curtailed, in which event the outlook for cheaper petrol in this country is scarcely bright.



## AMONG THE HILLS.

By Owen Llewellyn.

*The Land of our Desire—the Haven where we would be.*

MANKIND has always looked for his place of refuge and peace to the little hills; there is hardly a happy writer who has thought of them but as of friends. Ever in the dark and lonesome mountains there is the dwelling-place of awe and fear; terror and all unknown things dwell in their gloomy glens and amid their crags. Our help seems always to have come from the gentle hills, and to every one of us, in our deep thoughts on the other side of them—always on the other side—lies the land of our desire, the haven where we would be.

Over the hills and over, up across their inviting slopes by the good white road that runs from between the hedges of the valley, white now with may-blossom or pink with dear wild roses, climbing perhaps here and there through avenues of sweet-smelling garden gorse to wide open lands of ever-so-green daisy-strewn grass with houses gone, walls gone, fences only in name, plovers calling, larks singing—where can a car take us better, where better can we call on a car to rest?

Though far away against the skyline distant mountain ranges may "stand up like the thrones of kings," we have no need of them or their grandeur, for amid the soft hills of England we can find repose just near to dear Mother Earth's bosom as we may ever hope to rest in life.

There never were such hills as our hills of home, whether on laughing, boisterous spring-time days, in the ever-so-long summer evenings, amid the flaunting colours of the dying autumn or when chill winter shrouds all around.

Our English hills suit themselves to all moods and to all ages. Youth can shout his loudest and boast to the fat white clouds that tear across the blue above at the time when the birds are courting, the lover can sing his new-old song to the wind—its mate—across the upland levels, the old and the tired can see again above the crimson skyline in the west all their

long-past glories that have proved but empty hopes, and yet behind them all he can see something that in the end can never die.

I should like to be able to think of all hills as one hill, just one great composite picture of all the hills I ever knew or have ever passed over, for perfect as is each one, for all its perfection it cannot enshrine all that all hills can be; there must seem lacking always something that other hills have, something to be found ever in the land that lies just over the hill, the land to which we shall never quite get—because, I expect, when we do manage to get to it we shall not realise that we are there.

I am a hill man, one born amid perhaps modest green, red-rocked hills, yet hills that once were mountains (according to the wise men who write books that skip millions of years in a page, and think nothing of it), and, like the Lama of Kulu in ever-wonderful *Kim*, "'from the hills where,' he sighed, 'the air and water are fresh and cool,'" my heart ever goes back to thoughts of them for comfort. My forefathers sleep among them; when my time comes I want to sleep there too.

We who motor hardly appreciate the extent of our privilege, never before was the world so much our oyster for us to open—and to find in each better than pearls. Who, till the car came, knew of the hills other than those near by to his home or in the neighbourhood of his pinned-down holiday? To how many did such names as the Quantocks, Chilterns, Cotswolds, Pennines, Mendips, Breton, Pordens, convey more meaning than does a list of railway stations in an Italian Bradshaw?

We are the heirs of the earth, the best things it has to offer are common to all of us, the squire of fifty years ago cooped up within his gates was a prisoner compared to us and our opportunities; let us see that we do properly appreciate our good fortune.

I am not out to disparage moun-

tains; I never have been the sort of man who, according to Sydney Smith, would "speak slightly of the Equator." I love them—for what I can get off them in the shape of birds and beasts to kill—and I admire them very much as long as I am not asked aimlessly to climb up and down their sides. Like Mark Twain, I am able to enjoy mountaineering through a telescope—and prefer it. Also mountains get quite enough publicity as it is, and too much writing about them is apt almost to become a disease. Indeed I know one expert in passes who has absolutely shaken the dust of his native land off his feet and has gone to live in a strange land in order to be near his beloved twists and twirls and wiggle-waggles all the time.

I have also a great sympathy with the flat lands of England—in the abstract. They make much more uncommon copy than do mountains, fewer people write about them, and many of their little towns are almost unknown even now to tourists and travellers—other than commercial. They have been sadly neglected, although they do not seem much to trouble. They have a beauty of their own, and sometimes the flatter they are the more beautiful they happen to be. Come with me in a car (or, if the wind be strong and behind us, even on a bicycle) across the Fens on a fine late June evening and slide between avenues of man-high green corn along roads that are long straight lines on the smallest of maps, prove for yourself as you can nowhere else that the earth must be round; note league-long and longer ditches and rhines and levels and "cuts" that seem to stretch to infinity, and sometimes wonder at the silhouette, black against the sun, of a tired small horse pulling a string of short stumpy tarred barges along endless canals that lie a fathom above the body of the land, spaced out by regular mills—alas! but the windmills are dying, dying, and the new ones are but square dumpy sheds of brick—that in the rainy times pump

(Continued on page 52.)



A SUNDAY SCHOOL STORY WITHOUT ANY MORAL WHATSOEVER.

# TRUTHFUL EGBERT, THE BOY WHO COULD NOT TELL A LIE



Little Egbert was just the most truthfulest boy you can imagine. When teacher asked who had thrown the spitball Egbert was always the first to confess that Johnny Jones had. Needless to say, his classmates were not slow to appreciate him.



As he grew older, he carried his truthfulness into his little business dealings. He told a lady, to whom he entrusted his little companion for ten dollars, that it was a full-blooded skye terrier. And he was; the man who owned him said so.



At last our hero was ready to plunge into the great world. "I'm a fast worker and thorough," he said in applying for a job, and at the end of the week, when Egbert left with the cash register and the postage stamps, his employer agreed with him.



Busy as he was, Egbert had a warm heart for charity. "I know of one orphan," he would say feelingly, "who can never thank you enough for your generosity." The dear fellow's parents, by the way, had died the year before.



Egbert was always loyal to whatever business he happened to be engaged in. As he said to his employer, "I strive daily to make your name honoured." He was so diligent that he succeeded, at the bank, for twelve thousand dollars.



With the little nest egg, Egbert went into business for himself. He sold stocks. "If you invest with me, you'll never have to worry about your money again," he told his clients honestly, and, indeed, they never did have to worry about it again.



Now a man of wealth, our hero was made president of the bank. At the dinner in his honour, he pledged himself to work late into the night in order to make the bank a well-paying proposition.



A year later, as he left to catch the midnight boat for Yucatan, he was happy to feel that he had been able to redeem his pledge. It was the best-paying proposition he had ever been connected with.



Our hero was much sought after, but, always modest and retiring, he passed his opulent old age in Guatemala. Truthful to the end he declared with his last breath that he owed all he had to others.



## CONCERNING THE FLAT LANDS.

(Continued from page 50.)

the water from off the low land, and in the dry days pump it back again. Then, as we run, see on the far horizon towers and steeples and roofs that might be Holland across the water. (There be many Hollands in England, and how many motorists know them all, or any of them?)

Come with me to Wisbech in tulip time, or, better still, in asparagus time. No need to cross the grey North Sea to see bulbs, at Wisbech they have them all and better, while in its cobbled market place at the old Rose and Crown, they have old port in the cellar to drink, wine that was landed long ago into the same bins in which it lies to-day. Or had; it is unwise to say too much in print concerning some good things.

I was ever a discursive writer; I label an article "Among the Hills," intending it to be an introductory or general epistle dealing with the relative importance of hills as places of interest and charm compared with better-known and more written-about mountains—and I promptly break off and write gushingly of the joys of motor touring in an absolutely flat country, of asparagus, of tulips, and of old port, and why not? Nobody goes out to seek the obvious, it is the unexpected that charms most, you can always do what you mean to another time; *Carpe diem*, and therefore I will continue this lapse by remarking on the unquity of fen sunsets (if there was no such word as "unquity" before—

well, there is now). Fen sunsets have to be seen to be believed. I know of only one better brand. That lives at the humorously named little Somerset watering-place called Burnham-on-Sea, and its colours are mostly derived from the mixed palette of mud by the square mile; a far westering sun down channel, mists directly off the Atlantic, a sky line of jumbled Exmoor and Welsh mountains, the beams of lightships and lighthouses, the smoke of Swansea and the Sospa Fach, and the skeleton masts of slate-laden sailing boats lying fantastically at all angles all over the place along the shallow tideways.

Poets—Victorian poets, that is—have gone to Burnham to see these muddied effects, they *do* say that Coleridge wrote *The Ancient Mariner* on the strength of a course of them. Turner probably would have gone in for rectilinear wood-carving out of pure disgust at his own limitations.

I knew my wanderings led somewhere; now I know wherein we compare the charms of hills and mountains. The latter require to be painted "in oils"—as the municipal art gallery expression has it—while the correct medium for all hills is the gentle and lady-like water colour. Water-colours win every time nowadays; no ordinary person has any room for robust oils. Besides, modern rooms are not improved by pictures; indeed, architects are insulted by their presence: painters made a fearful error

when they allowed architects to become R.A.'s, the recognition of the fact that a house itself may be as picturesque as a picture of it and needs no further embellishment is a modern instance of the truth of the fable concerning the Viper and the Husbandman.

However, even the best architects do admit water colours and sometimes even design panels in which they may be inserted. With the proviso that they must be restful and non-contentious; which is exactly where our hills come in, for it is peace and quiet that we weary and worn ones are looking for, and we shall find them, where the good water-colour artists find them, amid the everlasting hills, the little hills that even in raw, rocky, Palestine "skipped like young sheep," for the reason, I suppose, that they felt how good it was to be a part of this lovely earth.

So much for my introduction. As a preface to a subject it is not bad, but then I always *could* write prefaces under all my pseudonyms. A preface is a flirtation and may mean nothing, or it may mean all you know. Next time I intend to write about a definite range or collection of hills, how far I shall stick to my intention I shall have no idea until I have read it over. This is the sort of thing that used to get the prophets of old-time into trouble. To-day we are often delighted at the opportunity to stray.



In the beautiful Valley of the Wye.



# Silent Gears



## AMBROLEUM

"CLINGS TO THE TEETH"

STERNS, LTD., 55, ROYAL LONDON HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2.

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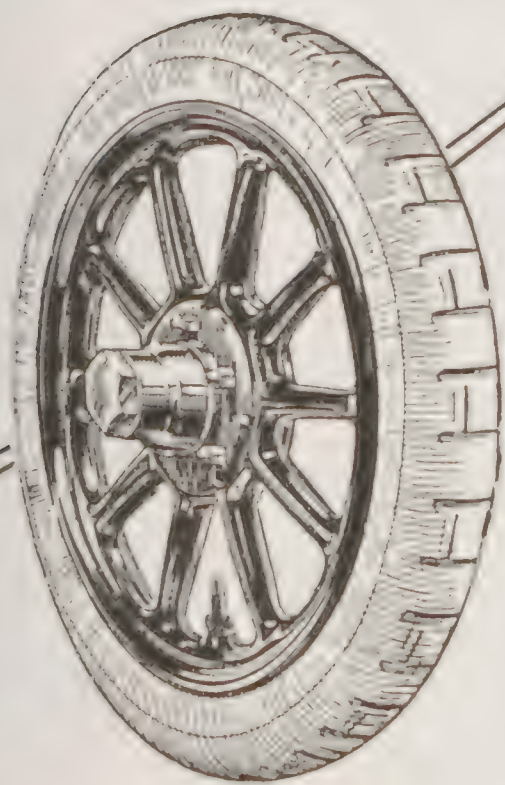
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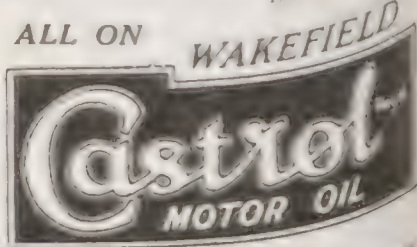
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# THE WIRELESS EPIDEMIC.

*A Few Words of Advice to those who have contracted Radio Fever.*

THE overcrowding problem becomes more acute every day. First, it was houses; they were unobtainable for a long time after the war had ceased, and it is not even now too easy to obtain just what one wants. Then—the roads! The less said about them the better; but, briefly, motoring on any Southern road during a fine week-end is scarcely worth while. And now we hear that even the æther is overcrowded.

The æther, be it said, is the medium through which light rays and similar intangible forms of energy are transmitted, and that particular form which threatens to cause obstruction in this supposed all-pervading medium is the wireless wave. We say "supposed" for the simple reason that the æther is something of a mystery. We know only that there must be *something*, or the modern manifestations of scientific progress would not be possible; so we "suppose" a medium, and we call it the æther. But the ancients held to the belief that the world was flat until observed phenomena necessitated the adoption of a different theory. So they said it must be round. It was a long time before this could be proved. We know to-day that by sailing on and on, either east or west, for a sufficient distance, we return to our starting point. Correspondingly it may be a long time before our theory as to the æther can be proved. In the meantime, it suffices; and, anyway, wireless communication is not only an established commercial success so far as telegraphy is concerned, but promises to be about the most widespread "boom" and most popular hobby of the age in its telephonic form.

The curious feature of this highly scientific development is its appeal to the amateur. The number of radio amateurs throughout the world is to be numbered in millions, of which America naturally is accountable for the greater proportion. Great Britain, however, is badly bitten by the radio fever, and amateur "listeners-in" are increasing by tens and hundreds and thousands week by week.

It is really not remarkable. What could be more attractive than the promise of constant entertainment at least equal to that of the gramophone at an original cost roughly equivalent to that of a gramophone, and without the subsequent drain for records? To hear the wireless "record"—it may be a great singer or a great preacher, or a great politician whose actual voice (not a mechanical reproduction) is heard—is a matter of merely operating a switch and making a simple adjustment. With a little more trouble—that

of learning the Morse code sufficiently to read it slowly—weather forecasts and time signals from the Eiffel Tower may be heard in the evening. The æther, as we have said, is crowded with messages—from ships to coastal stations, concerts from British broadcasting stations, and messages of one kind and another from all sorts of stations—which the listener-in may tap by suitably operating the controls of his receiver. All this costs nothing in the case of the most simple sets and only a comparatively small occasional sum with those more elaborate.

Although the possession of a receiving set must necessarily make an enthusiastic experimenter out of anyone who has even an elementary knowledge of electricity, one may take it that the majority of people who listen-in henceforth will be no more wireless experts than is the average gramophone user a potential Edison. The wireless set will be used in precisely the same way as the gramophone is now—to listen to for amusement, to dance to—for political purposes, maybe, and for the dissemination of news. One foresees the eventual disappearance of newspapers, public speaking and so forth. That, however, is for the future; the question at the moment is, what kind of a receiving set is the best to obtain for the ordinary user?

This is almost entirely a question of choice, and the amount of money one is prepared to spend. For considerably less than £5 one can make a perfectly practical set for use if one's domicile is fairly near to a broadcasting station, while for £10 one can purchase ready-made an instrument having a range of several hundred miles. Beyond



The Marconiphone "V2," the price of which is £25. This set has a minimum range of 50 miles.



## AN ELEMENTARY EXPLANATION.

that, either of these sets can be added to subsequently to increase its range and efficiency, or, alternatively, a larger sum of money may be spent in the first place.

It is impossible to give definite advice on the selection of an instrument without knowledge of several factors which will differ in each individual case. We shall be happy to answer any queries, however, if readers will kindly state the sum of money they are prepared to spend, the approximate height above sea level upon which their house is built, and of course its location; and, so far as the aerial is concerned, all possible details as to the surroundings—distance and height of the tree nearest to the house, and so forth—should be given.

Few people who have not already taken up radio work as a hobby have more than the vaguest idea as to its principles, so that an elementary—very elementary—explanation may be interesting.

Wireless messages, then, are sent out on waves, which it is customary to compare with the ripples set up by throwing a stone into a calm pool. Just as those ripples spread in all directions from the point of disturbance so do wireless waves travel from the transmitting station. The principal difference is that wireless waves travel at the terrific speed of 186,000 miles per second, and that the distance of one wave from another (in the modern system) is constant, no matter how far from the transmitting station it may be received. In wireless transmission it is possible to vary that distance between very wide margins, so that a message sent out on one wave-length cannot be picked up by a receiving instrument that is not tuned to that particular wave-length. Thus, if there are two broadcasting stations about equidistant from one's house sending out a concert programme at the same time, so long as their wave-lengths are different they do not interfere with each other, and the listener-in can hear either at will by merely turning the control knobs of his instrument.

The waves proceed from the transmitting aerial, or antenna, as it is sometimes called, until they meet a receiving aerial, when they pass down the lead-in wire connecting the aerial with the receiver.



*Above, the Burndy Ethophone, a crystal receiving set for the beginner. The set has a good range, is easy to manage and costs nothing for upkeep. The price is £8. Below, a slightly more elaborate and expensive valve set by the same makers.*



Up to this point the current is of the kind known as alternating—that is, the flow changes its direction at an inconceivably rapid rate—and before the telephone receivers can respond and so make hearing of the message possible, the current has to be rectified, or made to flow in one direction only. This is achieved by interposing in the circuit a "detector," which, in the simplest sets, is a mere mineral crystal, and in the more elaborate a thermionic valve—in appearance a rather unorthodox electric light bulb. The detector, whatever its form, allows only those portions of the current flowing, say, forward to pass through to the 'phones, damping out all the portions flowing in the reverse direction and thus slowing down the pulses to audio-frequency.

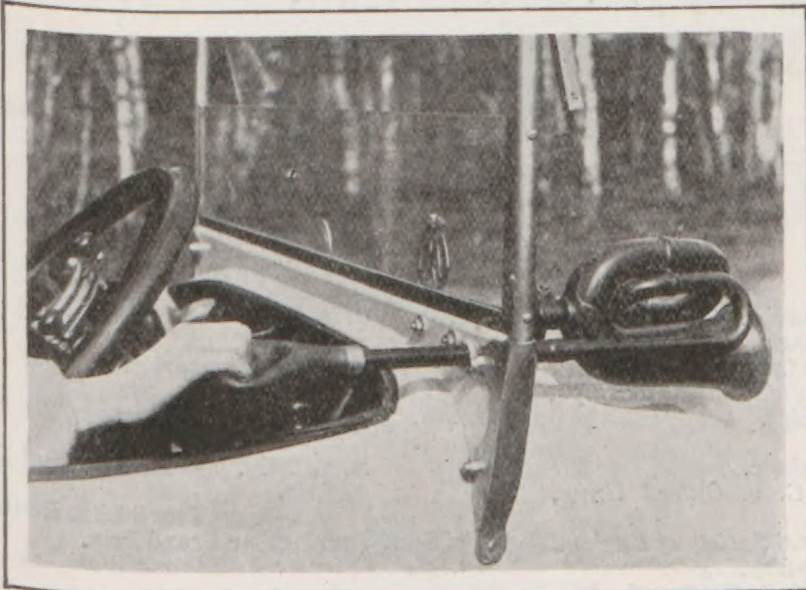
The aerial, detector and telephone receivers are the bare essentials of the set, but with them reception of messages on a single wave-length only would be possible, so that a variable inductance or a variable condenser, or both, must be added in order that messages of varying wave-lengths can be picked up. Further than this, the messages as they come through may be comparatively feeble if transmitted from some distance away, and one or more amplifiers—similar to the thermionic valve already mentioned—must be inserted in the circuit. Each amplifier will magnify the sound, theoretically, seven times, so that with three amplifiers the sound will be  $(7 \times 7)7 = 343$  times magnified.

Without going further into technicalities, it will be seen that a fairly simple and inexpensive set may be purchased in the first place, and as one's desires and knowledge grow more ambitious—perhaps one wants to hear Bolshevik propaganda transmitted from Petrograd—the set may be added to almost without limit.

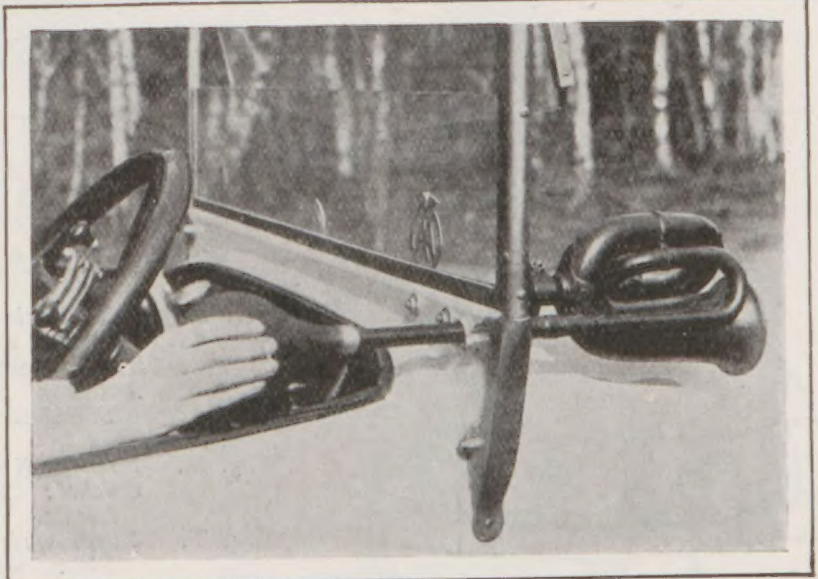
A licence has to be obtained, at a cost of 10s. annually, even to use a receiving set, but no difficulty is raised in the granting of this. The only further expense after the first cost is the occasional necessity to have the accumulator charged and the high tension battery replaced, but the former is a matter of eighteenpence, while the battery, costing about 15s., will last for a good many months. With a crystal set, using no battery or accumulator, the upkeep cost is nil.



## THE "CLUTCHING HAND" AGAIN.



Spasmodic clutching at the horn results only in a hysterical squeak, suggesting panic on the part of the driver, and imparting confusion to the pedestrian. The natural consequence is a "near thing"—sometimes an actual accident. If the necessity of sounding the horn is only realized suddenly, use the brakes, rather.



The horn should be sounded steadily and deliberately—as a warning, and not as a last desperate resource. If the pedestrian is gently warned in plenty of time of what is coming he will avoid it; and if, even then, he doesn't, the driver still has ample opportunity to give him a miss in spite of the baulk.



Some people never use the side brake except to hold the car when it is at rest. That is wrong—both brakes should be given equal work. But, when using the side-brake during running, hold the pawl out of action with the thumb (if the release is of the type illustrated) in order to avoid a jammed lever in the traffic.

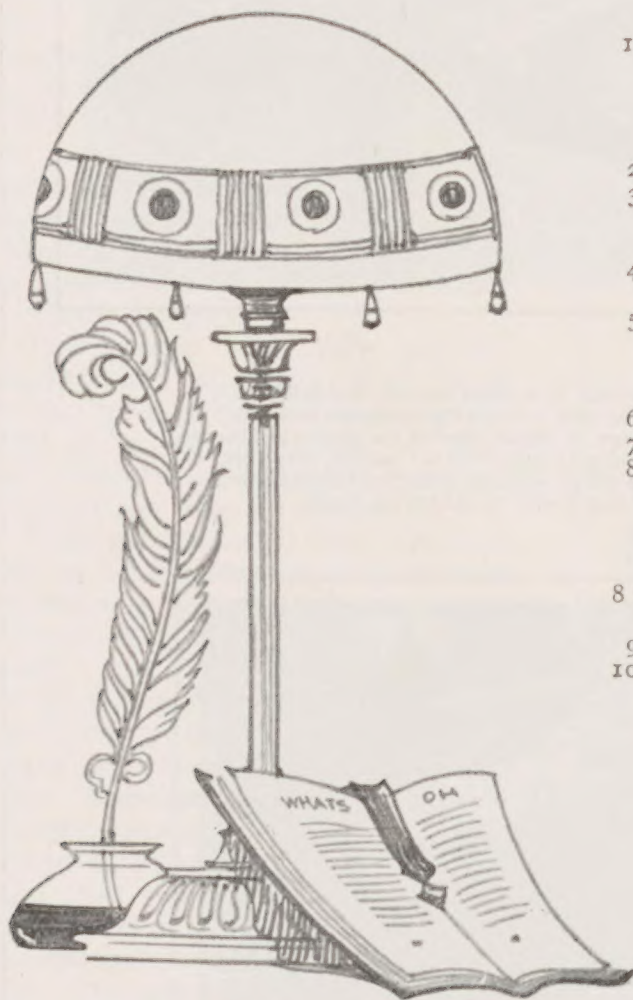


The gear change, simple as it is nowadays, needs decency rather than skill to operate. Do the right thing at the right time, and the lever will not be difficult to operate. Brute force took the count long ago—but don't forget that the clutch is still there. Failure completely to free the clutch is a common fault in changing up.



## WHAT'S ON IN JULY?

*Lighting-up time for London: July 1st, 9.45 p.m.; August 1st, 9.15 p.m.*



- |         |   |          |  |
|---------|---|----------|--|
| 1. S.   | Polo Finals: Hurlingham, Roehampton and Ranelagh.<br><b>A.C.U. Eastern Centre Speed Trial.</b><br>Amateur Athletic Championships, Stamford Bridge.    | 11. T.   | Cricket: Oxford v. Cambridge, 10-12, Lord's.   |
| 2. Sun. |   | 12. W.   | Racing: Newmarket.   |
| 3. M.   | Racing: Nottingham.<br>Cricket: M.C.C. v. Oxford Univ., Lord's.   | 13. Th.  | Racing: Newmarket.   |
| 4. T.   | Royal Agricultural Society of England Show, Cambridge. 4-8.   | 14. F.   | Cricket: Eton v. Harrow, Lord's.   |
| 5. W.   | <b>Essex County and Southend A.C. Speed Trials.</b><br>Children's Day at Ranelagh. Gents. v. Players, at Oval.  | 15. S.   | Racing: Sandown Park.<br><b>B.M.C.R.C. 500 Mile Race at Brooklands.</b><br><b>French Grand Prix 2 Litre Road Race.</b> |
| 6. Th.  | Henley Regatta. 5-8.  | 16. Sun. | <b>Touring Car Grand Prix.</b>   |
| 7. F.   | Henley Regatta.   | 17. M.   | Cricket: Maidstone Week, 15-21.  |
| 8. S.   | <b>M.C.C. Brooklands.</b><br>Holme Moss Hill Climb—Bradford and Huddersfield A.C.S.<br>J.C.C. Northern Centre Hill Climb.<br>Ostend Motor Meet. 8-15. | 18. T.   | Racing: Leicester.   |
| 8 & 9   | <b>"Motor-Owner" Tennis Cup Competition, Hendon.</b>  | 19. W.   | Racing: Liverpool.<br>Cricket: Gents. v. Players, Lord's.  |
| 9. Sun. |   | 20. Th.  | Racing: Liverpool.   |
| 10. M.  | <b>Motor Rally and Speed Trials at Le Mans. 10-14.</b><br>Cricket: Tunbridge Week.<br>County Polo Week: Ranelagh.                                     | 21. F.   | Racing: Liverpool.   |
|         |   | 22. S.   | <b>Essex Motor Club Meeting, Brooklands.</b>   |
|         |   | 23. Sun. |  |
|         |   | 24. M.   | Polo: Cowdray Park Tournament.   |
|         |   | 25. T.   | Racing: Goodwood.  |
|         |   | 26. W.   | Racing: Goodwood.  |
|         |   | 27. Th.  | Racing: Goodwood.  |
|         |   | 27-30.   | <b>A.C. du Nord—Boulogne Motor Races.</b>  |
|         |   | 28. F.   | Racing: Goodwood.  |
|         |   | 29. S.   | <b>Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb—Midland A.C.</b>  |
|         |   | 31. M.   | Opening Cowes Week. Royal London Yacht Club.   |

## THE STATE OF THE ROADS.

**T**HE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Automobile Association and Motor Union:—

Repairs are in hand at Watford on the Aylesbury road, the surface of which is generally fair.

The Bath road between Colnbrook and Taplow is bad in places, repairs being in hand near the latter place. Tarmac laying is in progress at Newbury.

The surface of the Brighton road is good, except for a short poor stretch between Earlswood and Horley. Tar spraying is in progress at several points, and repairs are in hand at Banstead, Reigate, Crawley and Handcross.

Sewerage work is being carried out at Whyteleafe, on the Eastbourne road (three-quarters of road affected), and full-

width re-metalling is in progress at Wych Cross. On the Lewes-Eastbourne road repairs are in hand between Berwick and Wilmington.

Road widening is in progress on the Folkestone road, at Farningham, Kingsdown and Wrotham, the surface of which is otherwise good.

The North Road is under repair just south of Stevenage and half a mile north of Eaton Socon, whilst the surface otherwise is generally good.

Gas mains are being laid at Southborough, on the Hastings road. The surface of this road is fair, but caution is advised through Robertsbridge.

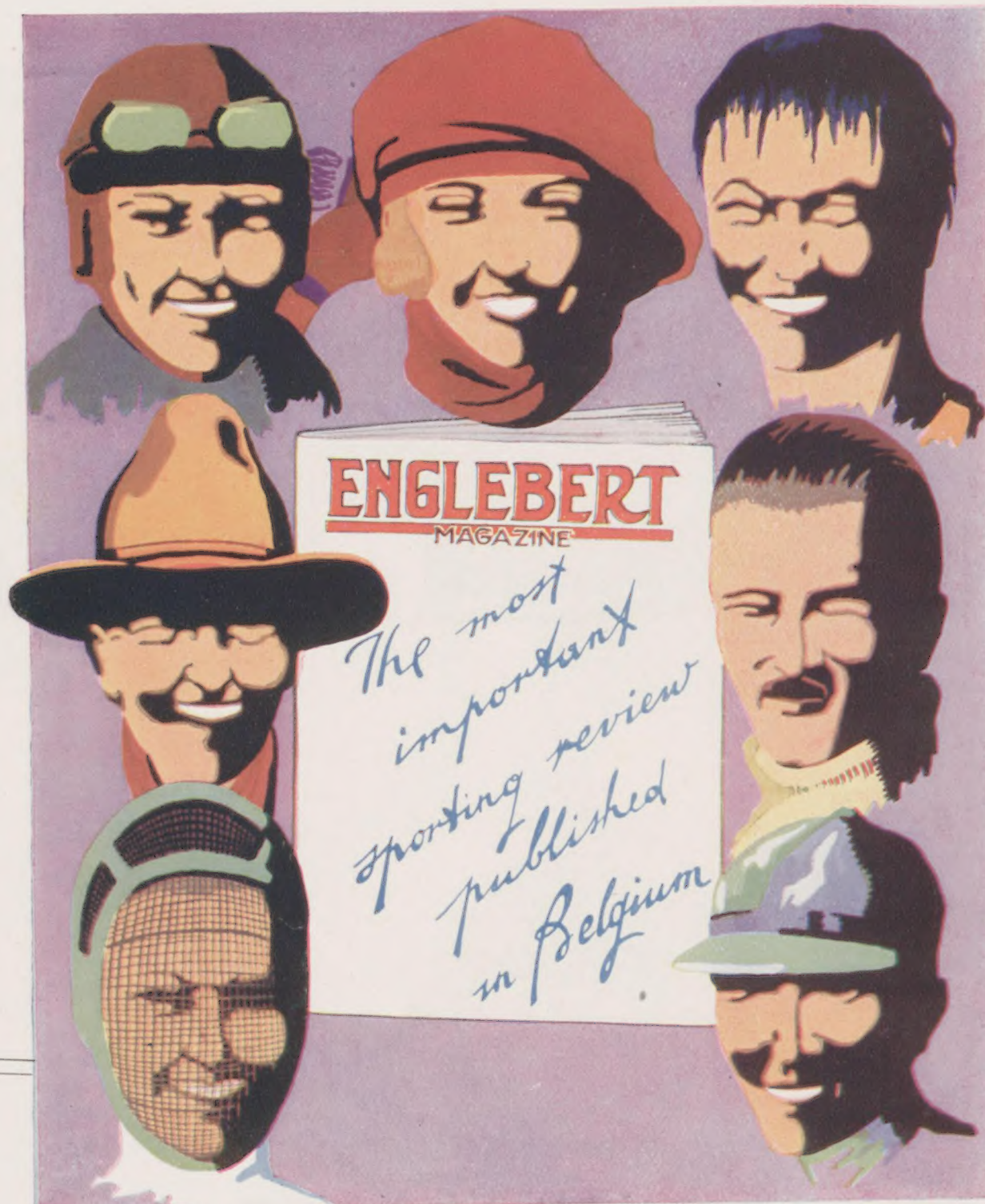
Full-width repairs are in hand at West Wycombe, on the Oxford road, which is poor to Stokenchurch, then fair.

The Portsmouth road is poor through Cobham, and from Liphook to Liss; otherwise good. Full-width repairs are in hand at Witley Camp, and caution is advised in the vicinity of Guildford, Godalming and Hindhead. Compasses Bridge Alford, on the Guildford-Horsham road, is under repair and heavy traffic should proceed via Womersley and Cranleigh.

The Southampton road is generally fair. Repairs are in hand from Hook to Basingstoke. The best route Winchester-Southampton is via Hursley and Chandlersford Railway Bridge.

Tar spraying is in hand at several points on the Worthing road, which is poor from Capel to Sussex Boundary. Caution is advised at Holmwood (straying cattle).





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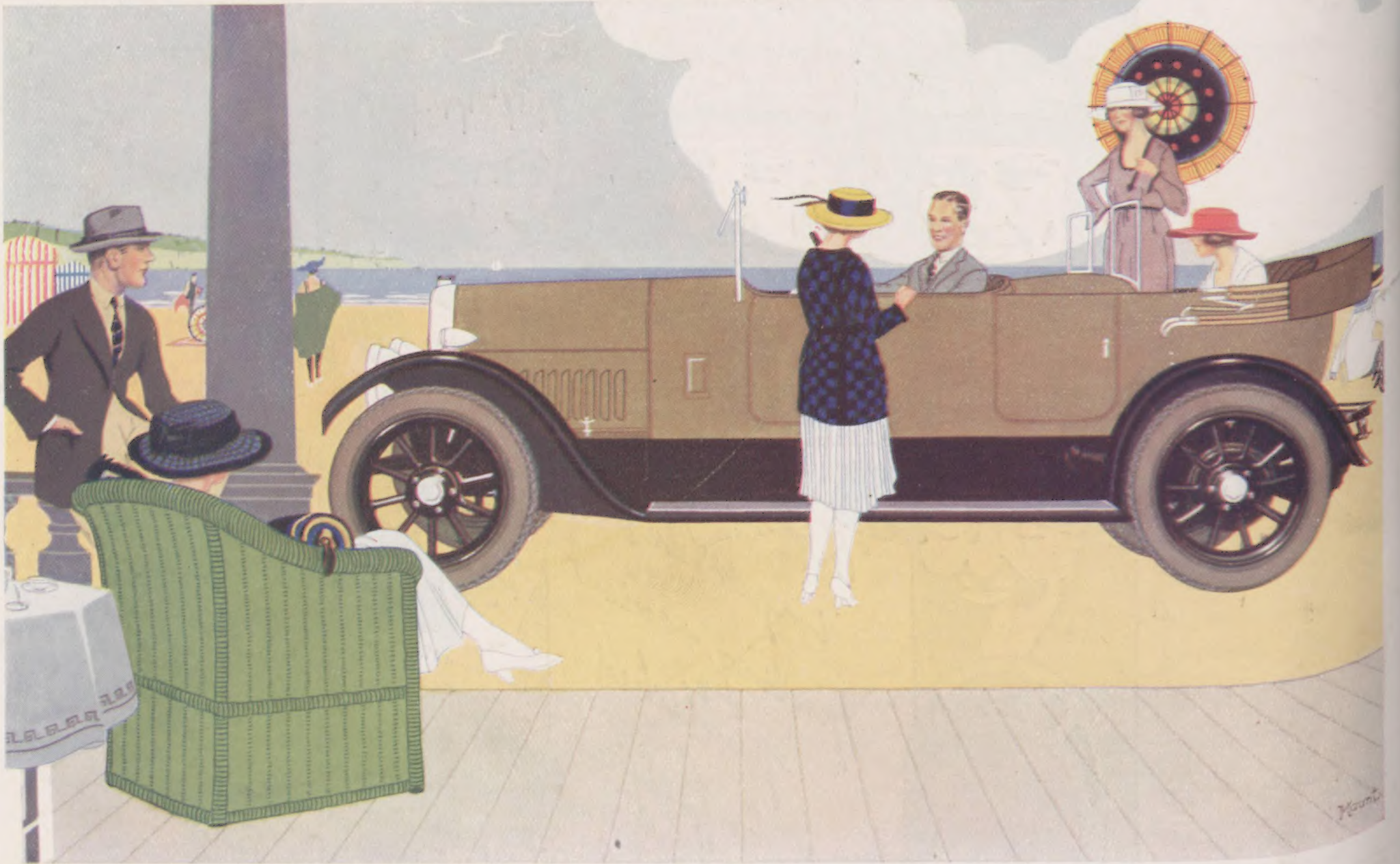
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